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YEARBOOK
OF THE
SANDUSKY COUNTY
PIONEER AND HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

==
FREMONT, OHIO
1918

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YEARBOOK
OF THE
Sandusky County
Pioneer and Historical
Association

A. D. 1918

Contains the Proceedings of the Reunion Meeting, August 31, 1918, to which is appended Proceedings of the Annual Meetings with Addresses and Talks of 1902 to 1904, inclusive; Historical and Biographical Sketches; Pioneer Reminiscences and Narratives and Names of Deceased Pioneers.

Compiled by I. H. BURGOON, late President,
and BASIL MEEK, Secretary

Edited by BASIL MEEK
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The Sandusky County, Ohio, Pioneer and Historical Association

ANNUAL REUNION OF 1918

Held at Fremont, August 31, 1918

Proceedings of the Annual Reunion of the Sandusky County Pioneer and Historical Association held at the High School Building, Fremont, Ohio, Saturday, August 31, 1918.

Rev. W. A. Bowman, president of the Association, presided; present, J. L. Parks, vice president; Basil Meek, secretary; J. D. Hensel, treasurer; Rev. S. M. Loose, chaplain; Newton Harley, chorister, and Fannie G. Niebling, reporter.

The "good old times"—all times
when old are good—

Are gone; the present might be
if they would;

Great things have been, and are,
and greater still

Want little of mere mortals but
their will.

—Byron.

Despite the threatening weather, and with hearts turned to gladness in anticipation of the happy annual gathering, and the exchange of reminiscences of the "good old times," many of good old Sandusky County's honored and beloved pioneers gathered already at an early hour in the morning to start the festivities of what is popularly known as "Pioneer Picnic Day." While, however, the "picnic" feature has, of late years, almost disappeared, there is always a feast which furnishes keenest delight, and this is at the festal board of interesting anecdote of "ye olden days" presented with all the catchy wit and

humor of ripened experience, intermingled with the spirited addresses of the younger generation.

Especially was this latter feature noted at this year's gathering, when, in response to the invitation of President Rev. W. A. Bowman and Secretary Basil Meek, several of Fremont's younger men and prominent attorneys attended the reunion for the first time and took the initial step along the pathway trodden by their sires. Not only did they mingle with their elders, whose places, in the natural course of events, they must some day fill, but they delivered ringing messages, vibrant with human interest, and burning with the holy patriotism of the war-filled days of the momentous year of 1918, when our great and glorious United States rose in conquering might to protect and save the democracy of the world. It was an imposing occasion, this introduction of younger blood into the ranks of the veteran settlers of the county, and no more auspicious time could have been chosen. The invitation extended for the first time this year will be an open one henceforth, and it is fervently hoped that the fast thinning ranks of the early pioneers will be rapidly filled in the honorable Association.

The program of the day consisted of prayer, song, reminiscences, reading of reports and addresses. Under the direction of Newton Harley, chorister, the singing by the audience was most inspiring, while his magnificent tenor solos were listened to with joy

and appreciation. The beauty of the musical program was highly augmented by the artistic playing of Miss Mabelle Snyder, pianist.

Ample time was given for the cordial hand-shake of old-time friend and also for a little visiting before the real proceedings of the day began. It was 11 o'clock when President Bowman called the meeting to order. "We'll be like the old people at court and call it 10 when it's 11," facetiously remarked Rev. Bowman after he had rapped for attention. He then announced music by Chorister Harley and Miss Snyder, and the entire audience, standing, beautifully sang in full chorus the inspiring hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Chaplain S. M. Loose followed with prayer, first reading the 103rd Psalm.

PRAYER.

"Indulgent and Heavenly Father, we bow down before Thee. O, Thou Most High, we are here to glorify Thy Holy Name. We adore Thee as the Father of the universe; we raise our hands in praise and thanksgiving. We have many blessings and privileges, and we especially thank Thee for health, strength, for food, raiment; for the blessing of life through Christ, our loving Saviour, Who redeemed us. We thank Thee for the privilege of coming together in a land of freedom, churches and Bibles, that we may worship unmolested. We thank Thee for our dear fathers and mothers, for what they have done for us in a natural and spiritual sense. We are here to glorify Thee, Father; may this meeting be a blessing to one another, a blessing in home, church and neighborhood. Bless our children and grandchildren that they may live the life of the righteous; lead and direct us and guide us, for Thine is the kingdom and power and glory forever and ever. Amen."

President's Tribute to Dead.

Following prayer, President Bowman paid tribute to two well-known and prominent members who had

passed into the Great Beyond since the meeting of the year before. These were Major Isadore H. Burgoon, lamented president of the Sandusky County Pioneer and Historical Association at the time of his death, and Aunt Katie Tillotson, who was called to her reward after having passed her 101st milestone. Rev. Bowman said in part:

"Many changes have taken place in our midst during the past year, and one is that two of our prominent members have passed beyond. They are not in our midst today, as their custom during many, many years. At the same time, while this is true, we cannot help but picture to our minds their countenances, and bring before us those who were so active and energetic in the cause of the Pioneer and Historical Association. I need not call attention to the fact that President Burgoon has passed on. He is not here in body today, but in spirit. To bring to mind the appearance of dear Major Burgoon, look upon your badge and see his pictured face. Long in memory may live Major Burgoon. Another to whom honor was extended a year ago was Lady Tillotson, who had passed the hundred year mark. She appeared a year ago on the platform and was welcomed by Major Burgoon. Both have passed away. Others are no longer with us. While we think over this fact, it is an incentive to us to look into the future when we, too, will be called away; when we will have finished our labors and be no more able to discharge our duties. Older people are passing away rapidly. The list of pioneers is growing shorter every year. In order, to continue the Association we must solicit the younger generations to take part in the exercises. The duty is devolving upon us to encourage the younger people to come. I have taken the privilege to ask such to attend and, in their turn, encourage us by their presence. This reminds me of facts, whilst older people pass away, we must become active in bringing younger generations up to be fitted for a higher plane. We must take care of the young to have material to build up the family, school, community and church. Wherever

we go we must depend upon the coming generations.

Secretary Meek was then called upon for his report of the past year, but he begged the privilege of presenting said report after dinner, when a larger audience would be present to hear and remember. Since the report would cover the pioneers and others who had passed from Sept. 1, 1917, to Sept. 1, 1918, the privilege was granted Mr. Meek.

In order to intersperse more music into the program, President Bowman called for another song. The patriotic hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," was sung with inspiring vigor by the audience, Mr. Harley leading.

J. J. Bonawitt, Speaks.

Not to crowd too much into the afternoon, calls were made upon some of the pioneers for brief addresses. "I am not acquainted with you all, but I would like to be," said Rev. Bowman, "but I have a few names of pioneers from different townships." William Keil, of Woodville, was called, but while he was present he did not hear and did not respond. J. J. Bonawitt, of Scott township was next on the list, who rose with the remark that he simply wished to say that he had had the honor of shaking hands with the "Meekest" man in town. "And I like him," he added. Mr. Bonawitt, in his droll way, announced the fact that he would have his speech after dinner, he could always talk better after a beefsteak. Also, he had promised his wife, who was visiting in Michigan, to behave while she was away. Brother Weichel, of Sandusky township, was asked for a few words, but was excused from speaking.

Basil Meek.

Secretary Meek was thereupon requested to speak for Ballville township, and he immediately rose to the occasion, saying that he would talk for Ballville, although his home for many years has been Fremont. Mr. Meek took up the word of President Bowman to do what we can for the coming generation. "Oh, I guess I

am not a pioneer," is a remark often heard. "Now, this word 'pioneer' means more than a great many think," said Mr. Meek. It means going on, starting things; it is not the old ones who start things; it is the young. Hence they are the pioneers in the real sense of the word. There are few old settlers left. Their history is here and we want to perpetuate it as well as the person. We want to collect the doings of the Association to pass on to future generations.

"We think our country old. One hundred years is not old in other countries. One thousand is old, and many of these countries are not a hundred, but a thousand, and some day we will be that too. Hence history, and you are a part of it. This is an historic as well as pioneer association, neither to the exclusion of the other, so that anybody can belong and is invited to belong. It is not only to meet to have a good time, but also to make history, keep history, and perpetuate history. Washington, Patrick Henry and our other great men did not know they were making history, trying to promote welfare. How delightful to read the inheritance handed down by them, and they didn't know they were doing anything to make history.

"We must take more part, we must get it on the brain, on the nerves, on the heart, and then we will do something for our county. In a western magazine, "The Mississippi Valley Review" of June, 1918, our yearbook is mentioned, with the comment that 'it suggests the activities of the most aggressive county historical agency in Ohio. The pamphlet is in large part made up of the reminiscences of pioneers.' People right here don't know we have such a book. It makes a plea for the society. We get no money, but we get satisfaction and know we are doing something for posterity."

Rev. W. A. Bowman.

Mr. Meek was heartily applauded for his timely words and Rev. Bowman rose to thank the speaker for his address, saying he touched on a vital point, namely, to labor for the

good of the association by perpetuating historical fact as time goes on and group these into one general historical fact and an individual fact. One is a unit and one is individual. "I touched on the point a few moments ago as to a way by which we can induce the association in general to become more active and this is for each one of this association to be a delegate to speak to others on its usefulness and the enjoyment of its meetings. There are times when few people are present at a church service and the minister may give a scolding to the absent but the ones present get it, however, only to remind them to remind those absent. Speak to the absent ones about the association. Your presence has influence," were a few of the pointed sayings of President Bowman.

Mrs. John Barr.

Speakers were called for from Woodville and Jackson townships, but no one responded. Chairman Bowman then made the announcement that he would not confine himself to the gentlemen alone, but would also ask the ladies present for a few words. Mrs. John Barr, of Riley township responded to the invitation with the following: "I enjoy the change in the county. I look back to the time before horses in cutting grain. Now the young people of today should enjoy all the modern improvements. I am over 80 years old and I enjoy these meetings." "It is a splendid thing to hear grandmothers and great-grandmothers express themselves, and speak about sickles and spinning wheels—I have two myself," added Chairman Bowman.

Mrs. Grant Forgerson.

Mrs. Grant Forgerson, well-known pioneer woman of Rice township, remembered when grain was mowed with a scythe and cut wheat with sickles. Her many reminiscences bristled with interest and harked back to the "good old times" when the family name was one to conjure with for fine old country hospitality. She told how old Mr. Lattimore, an Eng-

lishman, who owned a big farm, took 1000 sheep to the Portage River to wash them. He killed a sheep every day to feed the 30 to 40 Frenchmen he had working for him mowing grass. "I sheared sheep every day myself," said the gentle old lady; "people would work every day those times, but they would think that too hard work now."

"We had an oven in the yard and would put in one pie at a time. People would not do that now. We had no lamp, only a tallow candle. Made bread in skillet with fire under them. It would kill women to do that kind of work nowadays. We also had a "reflector" before the fire to bake, and a crane at a fire-place to cook. Kettles would tip over. Our house was not 20 feet square and we all slept in one room. The best people of Fremont came to stay with us over night. Lewis Leppelman would have to stoop when he came through our door, he was too tall."

"Snakes crawled into the house, spotted snakes and rattlesnakes. There is not one snake now where there were a thousand. I was born in Marysville, Union county, and my folks came to Ottawa when I was a year old. Lived there until I was married in 1854 and have lived at the old place on the Port Clinton road ever since. You couldn't get timber to build such a house now. It was 'chinked' and daubed with mud between cracks at first, and finally weather-boarded, then plastered. It was cool in the summer and warm in the winter."

"I remember my first stove with three lids to cook. Wild animals ran all about; plenty of deer, wild geese, ducks, and all fruit was wild—plums, gooseberries, cherries, crabapples, but we enjoyed it. There were no sugar camps, but in Marysville they would sit up all night sugar boiling. In olden times the Hensels and Forgersons made molasses out of cane. We sewed at night by tallow candles, I wove all my own clothing and my husband's and took them to the Ballville mill to have them pressed, and knit socks and sold them to the store for three shillings a pair. Would get dinner and supper for guests on short notice and they

would stay all day and all night." Mrs. Forgeron's speech was very interesting and was keenly enjoyed.

Townsend township presented Mrs. Albert Coonrod, who said she enjoyed the meetings, was glad to be with them, but would rather listen to others who could talk. York, Green creek and Clyde had no representatives present, and A. C. Willis, formerly of Ballville, but now of Old Fort, took the floor. "Next October I will be 78 years old. When we moved to Ballville all was woods. We had a little house in the forest with a chimney like quail traps, sticks and clay. There was no road cut through, and it was full of wild animals. It was no trick to see 5 or 6 deer, 15 turkeys, coons, etc. Had very few neighbors; three or four came in, cleared a half acre and put up a little shanty. See now what is done! The younger folks can't believe it. I was born in Columbiana county, but came here when two years old with my parents. They located here in October, 1840." Mr. Willis is very spry for his age and was glad to speak a word at the meeting.

A beautiful tenor solo by Mr. Harley, "My Mother's Bible," closed the interesting morning session and the meeting adjourned to come together again at 1 o'clock for the afternoon program. At the morning talks Chairman Bowman and Secretary Meek questioned the speakers to bring out certain facts, which proved of intense enjoyment.

AFTERNOON PROCEEDINGS.

It was 1:30 before the meeting was called to order by Rev. Bowman, and the gathering numbered some 300 people. Led by Chorister Harley, the audience joined in the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," which welled forth in a volume of harmony. Chairman Bowman then announced that a change would be made in the custom of the bouquet presentation this year. Instead of waiting until the end of the program as had been customary, to avoid confusion, it had been decided to give the pretty remem-

brances at the opening of the afternoon exercises.

A number of handsome bouquets had been arranged by Mrs. Jerry Fought, of Sandusky township, and these were taken in charge by Secy. Meek. First of all, there was one for Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bolan, of Washington township, who on the day following expected to celebrate their 67th wedding anniversary. "To the oldest lady present," brought no response. Secretary Meek then set the age at 89, but still no claimant; 85, likewise. "Better start in at 'Sweet 16,' humorously advised Chairman Bowman, but this brought no better results, and the oldest lady's bouquet eventually went to Mrs. Grant Forgeron.

In looking for the oldest gentleman present, Secretary Meek found that honored person in himself. "Wonder who he is," said Mr. Meek when he made the first call. Receiving no answer, Mr. Meek announced his own age of 89 and was compelled to present himself with the bouquet. There was also a choice memento for Chairman Bowman. All the presentations brought applause, and in thanking for his bouquet Mr. Meek stated that he loved all who are good, that he is trying to love all who are not good, but that the latter is hard work. Rev. Bowman urged that in the future more bouquets be brought by different persons, not to leave it all to one. In closing this feature of the program, Mr. Meek eulogized the custom of strewing flowers at the bier, "but," said he, "present them while the people are living, so they can love the flowers and the donors. Like a prominent member of congress said a few years ago, he would like to have more of the taffy while living than the 'epitaph' after life." So with the flowers. Let them have their beauty now.

After-dinner Speech, J. J. Bonawitt.

J. J. Bonawitt, of Scott township, kept his word of the morning and made his promised "speech," but owing to his having to leave to catch a car this was also cut short. "I am from Scott, 25 rods from where I was born. I do not get away so

very often, and I will start like a great man who once addressed a bunch of convicts—"I am pleased to meet so many today." My father settled in Scott township in 1837. He raised a pair of boys and I am one of them. Out of 11 children two are living today. Three out of four had birthdays on the same day. Father was born in 1796 and was one of the old pioneers. They had a smokehouse and plenty of meat, but often the string burnt off and the ham would fall over into the smoking kettle. I am here today, but I have lost my speech and I must leave at 2:40," was the conclusion of Mr. Bonawitt's little talk.

E. B. Keiser.

E. B. Keiser was the next to respond, and said he was almost ashamed in the presence of such noble ladies and gentlemen with his old clothes on. But he had come down town to go to the bank when he met an old chum of his father's who induced him to come to the gathering. His father was a veteran of the civil war and he, the son, saw him taken to prison. This was the first Mr. Keiser ever met with pioneers and he was glad for the privilege, glad to get acquainted and glad to be with them. Mr. Keiser has a soldier son in a Texas camp, waiting to go "over there." He has written to his boy that if he gets over he hopes he gets the kaiser and the kaiser's son's mustache for a souvenir. "I am glad and proud I have a son, even if his name is 'Keiser,' and I hope Keiser will get kaiser," was a remark which received vociferous applause.

Capt. N. B. Mason.

A venerable, white-haired gentleman then ascended the stage, who, Chairman Bowman said, would be recognized as one of our eminent pioneers, Captain N. B. Mason, of Clyde, at one time resident of Fremont, while he served as county sheriff. The civil war soldier was given a tremendous ovation. The afternoon speeches all struck the key-

note of patriotism and touched on the present great world conflict waging amongst the great nations, America included, not as a belligerent, but as the saviour of the world. Captain Mason said in part:

"Mr. Chairman, you made a mistake in calling on me. You have plenty of better timber, but as the gentleman said, 'I am thankful to live to be present and spared for this occasion.'" But when we begin to talk about being thankful, there are so many things we don't know where to commence. I am thankful to be here, thankful I took part in the civil war. This country didn't know its strength in those days; it was undeveloped. The valuation of all property was only 16 billion dollars. We have now more than 125 million people, with wealth of more than 225 billions. No country on earth can compare with ours. I believe the Almighty brought that war to build up the country, and the present was to crush out barbarism at this time.

"We sometimes believe in special Providence. I believe that everything is done by fixed law. Barbarism must be crushed out by force. All realize there never before have been such elements to crush as we have at this time. We will win this war just as surely as the sun rises and sets. If not, the dial goes back 500 years. Never have there been such crimes committed as in this war. They would shame the worst savages our fathers contended with. The time will come when every man, woman and child will be proud that they are American, and that they had a part in this movement. Hold up the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and minor orders doing the great work in this war."

Capt. Mason cited an incident in a little town of Iowa, where a little girl raised a perfect pumpkin and sold it at a Red Cross sale. The sale netted nearly a thousand dollars, and the little pumpkin over \$80. Clarksville, the county seat and the wealthiest town had a sale and they raised \$2000, and this same little pumpkin, which was going the rounds, brought in \$186. Then the little town of Green held its Red Cross sale. And it got

spunky, too, and made up its mind to beat all the other fellows. Mr. Mason said he never saw so much stuff at the Sandusky county fair. There were carloads of stuff—fruit, grain, vegetables, chickens, everything you could think of, even to an entertainment. One of the residents gave a blooded heifer, and another told the president of the Red Cross Association to pick out any one of five blooded horses. The horse brought \$193, the heifer \$100, and at 11:30 at night the pumpkin committee came in with \$400 for the Red Cross. That is how they do things in Iowa. "We are all proud that we are Americans. Let us stand by the government, the Red Cross and all their auxiliaries," admonished the old soldier at the close of his forceful address.

At this point of the proceedings the mortuary list, deferred from the morning, was presented.

In Memoriam.

The Secretary, Basil Meek, reported the names of 192 elderly citizens of Sandusky county, who have passed away during the year beginning January 1, 1918. The names of 108 who died since the last annual reunion, September 1, 1917, up to January 1, 1918, are omitted, having been published in the Yearbook of 1917. The list is not claimed to be complete, but is as full as could be gathered from the County Newspaper notices of deaths. The whole number is 300, of whom 167 are men and 133 women.

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| Jackson, George | 69 | Russell, Charles P. | 87 |
| Joseph, Chris | 78 | | |
| Jenck, Jacob | 66 | Sanford, George | 77 |
| James, Narcissa E. | 77 | Siebert, M. W. | 75 |
| | | Strauss, William | 64 |
| Kleckner, Daniel | 77 | Shoup, Orlo | — |
| Knudson, John P. | 69 | Scheth, Julia A. | 79 |
| Kizer, Louisa | 69 | Smith, Michael | — |
| Kramb, Charles | 77 | Silby, Geo. W. | 70 |
| Knowles, William | 52 | Seward, Mrs. John | 64 |
| Kopp, Marie K. | 80 | Smith, M. H. | — |
| Kinney, Beulah | 71 | Stamm, Martin, M. D. | 70 |
| Kinney, George | 69 | Smith, Mrs. F. P. | 62 |
| Kindle, Joseph | 60 | Sackrider, Charles | 68 |
| Kimball, H. J. | 68 | Sturtevant, Manford | — |
| Koons, Eva | 64 | Sartor, Mrs. Gregg | 67 |
| Krawitzki, Mrs. Carl | 76 | Sellers, W. H. | 64 |
| | | Smith, Sophia | 62 |
| Lee, Kate | 75 | Shuman, Mrs. John | 79 |
| Lesher, Will H. | 65 | Sabiens, Harmon | — |
| | | Smith, Rebecca | 87 |
| McGormley, Lucy J. | 89 | Smith, Mary | 83 |
| Messuard, Mrs. Lewis | 78 | Spieldenner, Mrs. Peter | 76 |
| Moerder, Rosina | 83 | Sutor, Mary | 76 |
| Morfier, Barbara | 69 | Sprang, Wendell | 84 |
| Moyer, Jacob | 82 | Shull, Mary J. | 76 |
| Moore, John C. | 89 | | |
| Marshall, Sarah | 84 | Tillotson, Catharine | 100 |
| Morris, Benjamin | 56 | Thompson, Cyrus | 85 |
| Meyer, Louisa | 68 | Thompson, Henry C. | 66 |
| Myers, Edward | 74 | Timanus, Homer | 60 |
| Millis, Maria L. | 85 | Tick, Katherine | 79 |
| | | | |
| Overmyer, Mrs. J. I. | 73 | Vogt, Amelia | 87 |
| Overmyer, W. H. | 65 | Voorhees, Jerome | 64 |
| Penfield, Emma | 68 | | |
| Parker, Mrs. G. W. | — | Woodrich, Charles | 83 |
| Powers, Catharine | 75 | Wigland, John H. | 78 |
| Paeth, Herman F. | 65 | Weber, F. L. | 82 |
| Preble, Peter | 61 | Wett, Anna | 85 |

| | |
|---------------------------|----|
| Wagner, B. F. | 62 |
| Waters, Mrs. Daniel | 64 |
| Wesolik, John A. | 60 |
| Wickert, Catharine | 68 |
| Wilder, Mrs. A. J. | 73 |
| Zievert, Catherine | 97 |

The average age of the foregoing was above the proverbial "three score and ten." More than one-half passed beyond that period. About one-third reached 80 years and upwards, six as high as 89. One, Catharine Tillotson, was 100 years and 11 months old at her passing; John H. Feasel, 98; Angeline Burrows, 97; Hester Ann Ferris, 92; John N. Russell, 91; Elizabeth Davey, 92; Elizabeth Stine, 92 and Catharine Zievert, 97.

One has said:

"But for the measuring and limiting (in time), all that is good and beautiful in life, man would enjoy more than three score years and ten, and still maintain his vigor, freshness and promise. Life is eternal. Life and goodness are immortal rather than age and blight."

Since our last Annual Reunion Major I. H. Burgoon, the honored president of the Association, passed away. A fitting tribute to his memory, together with a biographical sketch of his life, appears in the Yearbook of 1917.

Attorney A. E. Culbert.

Following the reading of the mortuary list by Mr. Meek, which was listened to with reverent sadness, Chairman Bowman introduced to the audience a speaker of the younger generation, from which the association is endeavoring to draw new blood into its ranks, Attorney A. E. Culbert, who has two sons in Uncle Sam's service in the great war to save the democracy of the world. Attorney Culbert expressed his pleasure in meeting with the pioneers of Sandusky county, and said in part in his stirring address:

"I sometimes wonder whether this meeting, although it is interesting and valuable to recount pioneer life, its hardships and pleasures, should not go a little farther and discuss other

subjects. History records before the foundation of our government, when law was being formed for the government of the nation, the people on the New England shores held town meetings and discussed questions of note. They discussed the prospects of the country and laid their plans to formulate the constitution of the United States. The job of these pioneers was the greatest ever committed to human hands, there is no question about that. The constitution of the United States is the greatest and finest piece of work ever given into mortal hands. Future historians will record it as such.

"Now, all are interested in the mighty war, in which the whole world is involved. It would be a useless waste of time to recount all the crimes committed by Germany. You know why we are at war. Germany blew up the Lusitania, murdered more than 100 men, women and children. That was sufficient for this country to enter the war. They are an infamous gang of cut-throats and pirates calling themselves the Imperial Government of Germany. Not satisfied with killing women and children, ravishing Belgium, and destroying the Temples of God, they have broken every contract with every country and boasted that it was not worth more than a scrap of paper.

"All must fight. I don't care where you were born, if you enjoy American citizenship, the moment this country declared war on Germany there was only one place for you to land—up behind our government, straight. We are going to win this war because it is up to the United States to strike the blow to success, and we are going to do it. We will clean up on that government so they won't have a chance to negotiate peace. There has never been a time when our government was not in a just war. All our wars have been righteous wars, and this the most righteous of all.

"One and a half million of our boys are over there making the supreme sacrifice, fighting and winning battles, as you know. One and a half million are training, ready and eager to go over and fight that infamous government. Three million of the

greatest soldiers ever known! In order to end forever that reign of terror, and to perpetuate an enlightened government, it is decreed to get two million more, five million in all. The government is urging upon every person subject to registration what his duties are, and on the day of registration be on the job. The boys over there are on the job and are making good. Company K is making good, as are all American solidiers making good.

"We don't know when the war will end. Belgium may never be able to rise again; chivalrous France may be wiped off the earth; that Italy we like to read about may be crushed to the dust, and England may never rise to the dignity of a nation. The U. S. government will fight to a finish even if all these calamities are realized. There are two classes in this country—either you are an American wholeheartedly with your government all the time, or you are a traitor. I recognize no German-American. There ain't any. You are either an American or you are not an American.

"Soldiers that are the marvel of the country are soldiers of German extraction. Corporal Lenhart, born in Germany, captured 83 Huns at one clip, 78 privates and five officers. He would have brought in more but they died on the way. This is an example of what American citizens can do. Hundreds more can do so, even if they are born in Germany. If they hold up their hands in allegiance to America, they are American citizens and I recognize them as nothing else.

"There is a beautiful song, 'When the Boys Come Marching Home Again.' We sang it in the civil war and in the Spanish war, 'when the boys come marching home.' I am not so much interested as to when the boys come marching home, as I am as to when they will march into Berlin and plant our flag over the castle of the kaiser. that they will have the pleasure of attending the funeral rites of the most infamous government of the world, and that Old Glory will continue to be the hope and inspiration of every government." The ringing address of Attorney Culbert brought forth cheer after cheer

and aroused patriotism to the highest pitch.

Attorney J. B. Stahl.

"Another prominent attorney will address you," announced Chairman Bowman, when he called upon John B. Stahl to address the audience. In opening his remarks Mr. Stahl said he would not begin with the ordinary "rigamarole" of saying he was pleased to be with them. That goes without saying. "I am proud to say that I registered as a pioneer of this county today. It is the first time I have that honor and distinction, although I have been here almost 50 years. I expected to find mother here, but I do not see her. She is 82 years old, almost the oldest person born here within the city limits. Why are we here? Why am I here? Because Rev. Bowman invited us. We like invitations so well we came."

Continuing in his happy vein, Attorney Stahl said further in part: "There is a sentiment attached to this meeting. There is a spirit, there is a thought connected with them, a reason that we should meet here. Those who have lived here come to recount their triumphs in life. And you have lived a triumphant life. Stop and think an instant. Why have others not advanced in this state. It is the lack of sturdy manhood and womanhood among the pioneers of the country. Now, mark you, look at each other. Isn't it remarkable! There is an intelligent-looking person you, and the one beside you. Now what will that bring to any community or any county?

"At any time and any place I must do my duty, and I say to you that everyone of us—man, woman or child, has some duty to perform in the great struggle of this country. There is something in 'Long Boy' that is beautiful, because it typifies the average Yankee. 'I don't know what the war's about, but you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.' That is what makes this country great. That is what will call in 13 millions—13 million men who are afraid of nothing short of what is invented by God Almighty. Anything invented by man causes no chill to run up and

down their spine. Why are they "over there?" For me and you, that we can set an example to all of the civilized world. All will look to America as an example of Christian civilization. Many of you saw the civil war. You saw many die, husband, brother. You suffered the pains of that war. Now we are into it again, with the same bravery. Your sons and grandsons have that same blood in their veins today, and when they come back everyone will want to claim relationship with that American soldier. Just one badge is great—"American Soldier." Anything I can do at home I will do. No one shall say that John Stahl lacked one thing, little or big.

Turning to the magnificent American banner stretched at the back of the stage, covering almost the entire wall, the speaker dramatically pointed to the glorious Stars and Stripes, voicing the sentiment that Old Glory typifies the thing our soldiers fought for—it represents our country! Still facing and pointing to the grand old flag, Mr. Stahl closed his ringing address with the thrilling poem, born of the present world strife, and written by Wilbur D. Nesbitt, full of noble sentiment, eloquently brought out by Mr. Stahl.

"Your flag and my flag,

And how it flies today

In your land and my land

And half a world away!

Rose-red and blood-red

The stripes forever gleam;

Snow-white and soul-white—

The good forefathers' dream;

Sky-blue and true blue, with stars to gleam aright—

The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!

To every star and stripe

The drums beat as hearts beat

and fifers shrilly pipe;

Your flag and my flag—

A blessing in the sky;

Your hope and my hope—

It never hid a lie!

Home land and far land and half the world around,

Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the ground!

Your flag and my flag!

And, Oh, how much it holds—

Your land and my land—

Secure within its folds!

Your heart and my heart

Beat quicker at the sight;

Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—

Red and blue and white.

The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—"

Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Following the recitation of this beautiful poem the audience was again favored with a splendid solo, by Mr. Harley, "If your Heart Keeps Right," which was more than appreciated by all.

Attorney D. B. Love

Attorney D. B. Love, also with two sons in the service, was the last speaker of the day, and to him applied very aptly the old adage, "last but not least." Mr. Love made a patriotic speech that will live long in the memory of his hearers, and which disclosed some very interesting points regarding his ancestry and their connection with the history of our Fort Stephenson. This was also the first time that the gentleman had ever attended a meeting of the Sandusky County Pioneer and Historical Association, and he, too, came at the request of the president and secretary, proving that these two workers in the good cause were entirely in earnest in their plan to infuse new and vigorous blood into the organization. "I never felt qualified to be a member of this association," asserted Mr. Love. "I thought I was not old enough by 25 years. I was not reared in this community and I didn't think I was entitled to the rights and privileges of this organization. I wanted to be here earlier to catch the spirit, but I was detained to make out questionnaires. They were all splendid young men, not asking exemption, but offering their lives for the principles for which you have lived and made this splendid country what it is today.

"I might have a right," said the speaker, in speaking of the earlier times, "to claim interest in this local-

ity. I remember a piece of news brought to me 14 years ago by my father who went west and visited a brother. He carried back to me the information that his father, Capt. Geo. Love, was under General Harrison when Major Croghan defended this city. The subordinate officers had been urging General Harrison to come to Fort Stephenson to assist Croghan in this battle. Gen. Harrison refused their appeals. My grandfather marched his company in front of Harrison's tent, where they could hear the canons booming at Fort Stephenson, and tendered the services of himself and company to come here and assist Croghan, either in defense of the fort or in retreat. General Harrison spurned his request. 'Let Croghan's blood be on his own head. He disobeyed my command.' Another part of the story relates to the experience of General Harrison and the soldiers when they heard that he had refused to come to the defense of Croghan, what was said by the citizens of Chillicothe and other southern cities. To say the least, it was not very complimentary to a general of the army.

"It makes me think the above might be of a little interest to the citizens who built up this beautiful county, who are sending sons to face the worst foes our civilization ever had to meet. Civilization is challenged, democracy is imperilled!. And the dominating hand of the Kaiser is challenging our liberty! He wants to be the ruler of the world. These challenges and acclamations are receiving a little approval in some corners of the world, and until the American boy, the youth of the country, met the foe, until that time, the tide of battle did not turn. But when American manhood met on the Marne, the story changed, and today the Kaiser is beginning to believe there is more in the vaunted liberty of the western world than he knew of. He thought he, "mit Gott" would rule the world. He would extend his military over the world. We little know what was going on in the mind of the old world. For the past 25 years the teachers of the world advocating new studies, neglected the history of our own country. Our children failed to get the inspiration of the constitution of the United States. We failed to

appreciate what made our forefathers write the constitution, to revolt against the Hanovarian King George III, with the same spirit of the Kaiser.

"Our children, for the last three generations have failed to appreciate the principles from which evolved this great country. When you teach history teach them to appreciate the spirit of Washington, Jefferson, and to appreciate the spirit that created the country. That is the fact that made the German propagandists so successful in this country. If you want to get anything superfine in the line of 'kultur' you have to go over to the Kaiser to get it. We know better now." In speaking of the moral effect the American soldiers have on the Allied troops, Mr. Love asserted in ringing tones that "we inspire the English, the French, the Italians. Each one of their soldiers is now worth two, because of the inspiration of our sons. If it had not been for our sons going to the front the Kaiser would have carried his victory straight to Paris. And then we would have had to fight the monster single-handed.

"Your sons and daughters—what they have done to make possible the enjoyment of the succeeding generations! I'll tell you, civilization has never been so threatened, nor liberty so endangered. And now, that line of liberty is not restricted to our own country. Today that line of liberty has gone across to other countries from the North Sea, through Flanders, Picardy, Louvain. Down across Italy, along the Piave, the Adriatic, and the defenders of liberty are in the line today. The line goes on to the city of Jaffa. Under General Allenby, this same line goes through the city of Jerusalem, where the Master was crucified, and which gave the principles to the birth of our nation. The line runs on into the valley of Mesopotamia, across into the other continent, then swinging toward the Straits. Those who are defending freedom are sacrificing their lives. That line of liberty, defended by the American soldiery, which inspired all other soldiers, is moving 175 miles back to the home of the Hun and we are hopeful that liberty may be established upon the Hun line, as well as in their home."

The audience enjoyed every word of the rousing speeches of the afternoon and seconded the patriotic sentiments with hearty applause.

Interesting Drama.

A clever little playlet, written by W. C. Williams, of Bellevue, was presented by the author and his daughter, Mrs. Lorena B. Karshner. The drama is composed of traditions gathered from time to time by the writer's father and from his uncle, John Williams, who died on his 99th birthday. It is a real story of David Williams and Margaret Lyons, his wife, ancestors of the author. The tale carries a colonial flavor and is laid in the year of 1812, when the couple was about to move from Pennsylvania to Ohio. The play made a hit with the gathering, and the costumes, David, clad in buckskin with flint-lock rifle, etc., and Margaret in the style of the time, knitting, made the scene exceedingly realistic.

A short sketch of the character of the drama might be of interest. David Williams was born in the year 1775 in Wales. His father was a fisherman. In early life David became a sailor on one of the voyages to America. The vessel was shipwrecked off the coast of America. During the Revolution David cast his lot with Colonists, and served as soldier with Gen. Geo. Washington. Became acquainted with Margaret Lyons, of Irish descent, who did General Washington's laundry work the winter the American army was camped at Valley Forge. At the close of the war they were married and settled in Center Co., Pa., raised a family of six children, two sons and four daughters. When his youngest son Daniel moved to Ohio, David and Margaret came to live with him. They settled on the Killbuck Bottom, twelve miles from Wooster, in 1812. His body lies buried in the cemetery at Rousburg, Wayne county, Ohio. His wife Margaret is buried three miles southeast of Bellevue Ohio, in the woods.

In the play the couple are reminiscing of their earlier days, and recalling old times on the eve of their departure to make their home with their son in Ohio. The aged couple are enjoying the recounting hugely, given

in the vernacular of the settlers, and the audience surely enjoyed it, too. The climax came in a dance by the wife, demonstrating how they tripped the sod in "ould Ireland," while the husband sang the well-known old song, "When you and I were young, Maggie," which fitted in very appropriately with the spirit of the little production.

Following the theme of the drama, Rev. Bowman arose with the remark that so in all our lives we have sunshine and rain. If we smile when the sun does not shine, we will have joy and pleasure.

Treasurer's Report.

J. D. Hensel, treasurer of the Association, told how the funds had been used during the past year and presented the following report:

Fremont, O., Aug. 31, 1918.

The Pioneer and Historical Society in account with Jas. D. Hensen, Sept. 8, 1917:

| Cr. | |
|---|-----------|
| By cash from last year | \$ 2.66 |
| By cash from sale of books, badges and collection | 35.06 |
| By cash from sale of 1916 year-book by B. B. Overmyer.... | 2.00 |
| By cash from county commissioners | 100.00 |
| By cash from sale of books.. | 78.75 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$ 218.47 |
| Paid the Sterling Printing Co. for printing annual yearbooks.... | \$137.75 |
| Paid to Joseph Dept. store, ribbon | 7.92 |
| Paid to I. M. Burgoon for post cards..... | 5.00 |
| Paid to Sterling Printing Co., for printing postals, badges | 4.00 |
| Paid to same | 2.00 |
| Paid to school janitor.. | 1.00 |
| Paid to Miss M. E. Hedrick, stenographer... | 5.00 |
| Paid to P. Stepniak for flowers | 5.00 |
| Paid to Basil Meek for expenses, postage, etc. | 5.00 |
| Paid to postmaster for post cards | 5.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$177.67 |
| Balance | \$ 40.80 |

Plea for Yearbook.

In behalf of the interesting little yearbook gotten out by the Sandusky Co. Pioneer and Historical Association, Secretary Meek made a plea for its patronage, not to make money, but to make history. "We want to get the yearbook before the public," he said, because it puts us before the world. It is your own book, your own work, you are making the history. That book would always cost the secretary, who is editor, many days of solid work. There is no compensation connected with the work except the satisfaction of perpetuating the wonderful history of this county."

Mr. Meek called attention to the 1916 yearbook which has a catalog of publications referring to the local history of our county. This year 1918 will contain a writeup of today, together with a report of the work of the association for three years back, 1902, 1903 and 1904, so that four years of historic value will be connected with this book. "No proceeds come to any officer; it is gratuitous labor to promote the good cause, your cause and mine," were the concluding words of Secretary Meek. Many of the year books had been sold during the past year, netting a nice sum, Rev. Bowman, the president, getting busy himself and selling several hundred of the interesting histories, which certainly should be in the home of every pioneer of Sandusky county from year to year.

Thanking all who took part in the day's proceedings in any way, the singer, speakers, musician, and the audience for attendance and kind patience, President Bowman declared the meeting at an end. Chorister Harley requested the audience to join with him in singing the famous old hymn, "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again." "Many were with us last year who are not with us this year, and many are with us this year who will not be with us next year," said Mr. Harley in choosing this closing song. Which is only true, as the lengthy mortuary list of the past year testifies. The closing prayer was given by Chaplain Loose, and the enjoyable pioneer meeting came to an end.

The reunion this year marked the 46th gathering of the association and

what a notable fund of history is included between the date of the first and the last meeting, not to take into consideration all that had gone before! If all these gatherings stretching over this long span of years, together with their rich and varied reminiscences, could be bound into several volumes, the work would make one of unsurpassed interest. The badges for 1918 carried the picture of the late President Isidore H. Burgoon, who died in the past year.

Those Present.

Names of persons who registered attendance at the Annual Reunion of the Pioneer and Historical Association

August 31, 1918:
Heseman, C. F.
Noggle, Mrs. R. H.
Mooney, Elsie J.
Wright, Mrs. C. F.
Clink, Fred.
Hook, Mrs. A. E.
Doll, H. J.
Rice, J. Wilson.
Doll, Mary E.
Kleckner, Sarah E.
Overmyer, Mrs. J. C.
Waggoner, Mrs. A.
Stultz, Daniel
Artz, John
Waitman, Mrs. Charles
Waitman, Luella
Mowry, Mrs. M. N.
Mowry, M. N.
Druckenmiller, Mrs. J.
Haff, Elisha
Bruner, Miss Edna
Cessna, Mrs. J. P.
Walburn, Israel
Peters, A.
Rimelspach, Jacob
Engler, Mrs. Charles
Harley, Newton
Mooney, Mrs. David
Wright, C. F.
Clink, Mrs. Fred
Castle, Mrs. Mary
Moses, D. S.
Rice, Mrs. J. Wilson
Doll, George
Overmyer, Mrs. B. B.
Fangboner, Emma
Love, D. B.
Overmyer, W. A.
Hampsher, Mrs. Charles

Artz, Mrs. John
 Wolf, Mrs. C. E.
 Brown, Mrs. J. K.
 Diedler, Joseph
 Crowell, S. A.
 Hasselbach, Mrs. Charles
 Stahl, John B.
 Cessna, Mrs. J. D.
 Binkly, R.
 Karshner, H. B.
 Peters, Mrs. A.
 Gilger, Mrs. C. W.
 Overmyer, Mrs. C. A.
 Balsizer, John
 Mason, N. B.
 Winters, Mrs. F. M.
 Winters, F. M.
 Williams, Mrs. W. C.
 Williams, W. C.
 Cessna, J. D.
 Smith, Mary
 Hollinger, Mrs. Mary
 Younkman, Christina
 Snyder, Mrs. John
 Edwards, A.
 Brugger, Harvey
 Winters, Mrs. Anna
 Scanlon, Margaritta
 Friar, Frederick
 Reed, George
 Rinehart, Martha
 Kaiser, E. H.
 Bruner, Mrs. Charles
 Reed, Mrs. George
 Kuhns, Mrs. Samuel
 Werth, Louis

Walborn, Mrs. William
 Ruffy, Mrs. Henry
 Burgoon, Mrs. David
 Grundy, Joseph
 Overmyer, B. B.
 Coonrod, Mariah
 Story, Mrs. C. W.
 Barr, Margaret E.
 Sneider, John G.
 Parks, James L.
 Bowman, W. A.
 Fitch, F. E.
 Fought, Mrs. Jerry
 Fought, Mrs. Eli
 Smith, Laura
 Mooney, Luther
 Obermoyer, Mrs. E. R.
 Day, Etta M.
 Keil, William
 Loose, S. M.
 Hensel, J. D.
 Hensel, Mrs. J. D.
 Bonawitt, J. J.
 Loose, Mrs. S. M.
 Edwards, T. F.
 Meek, Basil
 Rathbun, S. B.
 Moore, J. W.
 Willis, A. C.
 Forgerson, Mrs. Grant
 Young, Mrs. Joe
 Burgoon, Mrs. I. H.
 Waggoner, G. H.
 Young, Mrs. F.
 Noggle, R. H.
 Harley, Mrs. Newton

The Sandusky County, Ohio, Pioneer and Historical Association

Proceedings of Thirtieth Annual Reunion

Held at Fremont, September 4th, 1902

The thirtieth annual reunion and picnic of the Sandusky County Pioneer and Historical Society was held at the Buckland Guards' Armory, corner of Park avenue and State street, Fremont, Ohio, on Thursday, September 4th, 1902. The weather was clear, cool and delightful, and the attendance of old people was larger than usual.

The badges for the occasion bore a likeness of the distinguished divine, the late Rev. Ebenezer Bushnell, a pioneer of this county, a former officer and member of the association, the pioneer pastor of the Fremont Presbyterian church, and, at the time of his death a member of the faculty of Western Reserve University.

The meeting was called to order at 10:30 o'clock, with singing by the audience. Rev. S. H. Raudebaugh then read a chapter from the Scriptures, after which Rev. D. H. Bailey offered prayer. Maj. I. H. Burgoon announced the fact that Dr. J. W. Wilson, president of the association, was confined to his home on Croghan street with sickness and that his illness necessitated his serving as chairman during the day.

REMINISCENCES BY MARY PARKS HONE.

To the Pioneers of Sandusky County, Ohio,

As near as I can remember my parents came to Ohio in the year 1833, I, at that time being in my sixth year.

We lived on the Castell farm two

years, when in the second fall we moved on to the Johnston prairie. We had but very little stock, consisting of two horses, two cows and a few sheep; these we took with us. The first spring on the prairie we lost one cow, one horse, and all but two sheep, leaving us but one horse. Father finally traded the cow for a horse, and we were thus deprived of our cow for the greater part of the year. Early that fall father succeeded in getting another cow; but shortly thereafter the old horse of which I have related father gave his last cow, evidently not liking his job, laid down and died. Then we were stranded again; but father finally managed to get a yoke of oxen—then we were rich. Early the same fall father took a drove of sheep on a contract with one Mr. Crusen for a term of years for half the wool and the increase, and in that manner we finally got a start. One fall—I do not recall the year—the water was so low in the Sandusky that we could not get our wheat ground at Lower Sandusky, so we had to drive to Stemtown, a little town south of Clyde, taking two days to go and come, and then when you arrived there, you were compelled to wait your turn with the grist, taking in all a week or ten days to make the trip. When we were out of flour, father would take a four-quart pan and punch the bottom full of holes with a scratch-all, and then we would take corn, using the pan as a grater, and grate sufficient corn to tide us over. I remember father and mother going to a funeral of a neighbor with our

ox-team, the water at the time on the prairie being almost hub-deep. I had great sport in the winter-time hauling wood with the ox-team and sled. I would go to the woods with father; he would fell the trees, cut them into sled lengths, load them on the sled, and away I would go home, where, upon my arrival, mother and I would unload them, and back again after another load. It may seem strange to you, yet it seemed great fun to me, and I was very happy in the thought that I was helping father and mother.

I was the second oldest and could drive the oxen much better than my older sister, and was in fact my father's boy, and whatever he had to do I was expected to help him. On the Johnson prairie upon which we lived, there are now thousands of acres of tillable land, which, when we lived there, were under water. Wild ducks and geese were so plentiful that when they would rise and fly away, it would sound like distant thunder. Wild deer were also plentiful. We had a pet deer and the wild deer would follow her and come near to the house, in the calf pasture, play with her for a while and then skip for the woods. We were never allowed to scare them.

I rode to town, on horse back, eight miles, and carried a large market basket full of butter, for which all I received was four yards of prints and two pounds of green coffee. Potatoes sold for ten cents per bushel; wheat sometimes got to fifty cents; a good fat steer would bring ten dollars; a horse, forty dollars, and every other farm product in proportion. When going to school, we had to "coon the fences," the water being so high. My sister Jane and I made the cradle in which our youngest brother was rocked. I have heard Major Scranton, who lived on the Johnson prairie before we did, say that he had been attacked by wolves on his way to Lower Sandusky. The country was alive with foxes, opossums, skunks and quite a few woodchucks. I remember once our meadow getting on fire; we had a hard fight to keep it from getting into the fences and woods. The next day the air was filled with the aroma of roasted skunk.

I think it was in the spring of 1848 that we moved on to our own farm, on Green Creek, Riley township. I lived

there two years, with my people, when in 1850, after being married, I left Sandusky county with my husband, going to Lucas county, near Toledo, on a small farm owned by my husband. We were located north of Toledo, on what was known as the Indian Reserve. My neighbors were a few Germans and plenty of Indians. I have kept the squaws many times at night, when they would be caught late coming home from Toledo. They would come and beg to stay, saying, "Indian, he drunk; me 'fraid." I was afraid myself, at times, that the drunken Indians would come in on us. But they never seemed to find their squaws, when coming home drunk. When the Indians would come by whooping and howling the squaws would laugh and act very happily, to think that they had fooled their drunken mates.

After living on this farm for seven years, during which time my three oldest children were born, my husband disposed of the place and we removed to Toledo, where we resided for one year, after which we moved back to Sandusky county, locating in Rice township, on what was known as the Rummery farm, where we lived seven years. Sandusky by this time had become thickly settled, and to us was a great change. From here we again moved to Toledo, where we have lived ever since.

It has always been a keen pleasure to me to look back over these years of toil and privation, and to know that our children and theirs can never be exposed to the same.

Signed

MARY HONE.

The annual election of the officers of the association was next in order and upon motion of N. R. Tucker, seconded by Rev. Raudebaugh, the old officers of the association were re-elected for the ensuing year. They are as follows: Dr. Jas. A. Wilson, president; I. H. Burgoon, vice president and secretary; Rev. W. A. Bowman, chaplain; A. J. Wolfe, treasurer; N. C. Sherwood, chorister; J. Burgner, corresponding secretary. Robert Luckey, of Ottawa county, was elected assistant secretary, as a new officer.

The audience then adjourned for the dinner hour. Those who brought

their well-filled baskets found tables and chairs in readiness in the basement, and many were soon partaking of the good things, while others were invited by relatives and friends to join them at dinner in private homes.

Pioneer Death List.

| Names | Men | Ages |
|-------------------------|-------|------|
| Antonia, Frank | | 59 |
| Arnold, Almond | | 84 |
| Auxter, Henry | | 65 |
| Avers, Henry | | 74 |
| Ball, Capt. Lysander C. | | 62 |
| Bardshar, Wm. | | 84 |
| Beery, Aurora | | 63 |
| Beeber, Fred | | 78 |
| Bell, Chas. W. | | 63 |
| Bartlett, H. M. | | — |
| Bowlus, Maj. J. W. | | 68 |
| Bowersox, Levi | | 70 |
| Boyer, John | | 63 |
| Boyer, Daniel | | 76 |
| Bradshaw, James | | 65 |
| Brockman, Henry C. | | — |
| Brown, W. S. | | 68 |
| Childs, James B. | | 63 |
| Creager, Jasper M. | | 60 |
| Dorr, Sylvester | | 67 |
| Dunlap, Thos. J. | | 79 |
| Dorr, John W. | | 58 |
| Darr, John | | 85 |
| Easterwood, Peter | | 84 |
| Ellis, George | | 60 |
| Engler, Jonas F. | | 78 |
| Eversole, Isaac | | 75 |
| Faler, Jonathan | | 80 |
| Ferrand, Charles | | 76 |
| Fleckiger, John | | 74 |
| Finkheiner, Jacob | | 65 |
| Fisher, Geo. H. | | 50 |
| Foster, Achiel | | 71 |
| Ford, Stephen S. | | 86 |
| Fry, John H. | | 91 |
| Fuller, Wm. T. | | 70 |
| Gibbons, Wm. | | 84 |
| Golden, Jeremiah | | 87 |
| Gordon, Washington | | 67 |
| Grant, George | | 63 |
| Grover, Albert G. | | 68 |
| Grover, Truman | | 91 |
| Hall, Benjamin I. | | 77 |
| Halm, Alexander | | 80 |
| Hamilton, John | | 64 |
| Harlan, Dr. Geo. | | 65 |
| Heslet, James | | 75 |
| Hassenplug, Chas. | | 80 |
| Hoff, Robert | | 82 |

| | | |
|--------------------------|-------|----|
| Hassman, Gerhart | | 80 |
| Hendricks, Wm. C. | | 65 |
| Heuston, Wm. | | 63 |
| Horsman, John | | 70 |
| Howard, John B. | | — |
| Huff, Robert | | 82 |
| Jackson, Robert | | 89 |
| Jenkins, Samuel P. | | 70 |
| Kaiser, Jos. W. | | 62 |
| Kane, Henry | | 63 |
| Keller, Wm. | | 72 |
| Kline, Henry | | 57 |
| Kopp, John | | 78 |
| Kurtz, Jacob | | 77 |
| Lease, Otto | | 61 |
| Lee, Francis G. | | 59 |
| Leiter, Geo. W. | | 67 |
| Lovell, James | | 69 |
| Martin, George | | 76 |
| Menkhoff, Harrison | | 76 |
| Miller, Geo. W. | | 81 |
| Miller, Reuben A. | | 73 |
| Miller, Wm. | | 80 |
| Mooney, George | | 74 |
| Morovinz, John | | 75 |
| Morton, David | | 73 |
| Moyer, John | | 73 |
| Myers, Fred | | 64 |
| Mullen, Patrick | | — |
| Myers, Perry | | 60 |
| Nelson, Admiral | | 69 |
| Nickels, Fred | | 74 |
| Nunnemaker, Anthony | | 79 |
| Persing, Chester | | 69 |
| Poorman, Henry | | 78 |
| Popke, Carl | | 85 |
| Reax, ——— | | 83 |
| Ruddock, John | | 82 |
| Sampsel, John | | 70 |
| Schlegel, John | | 71 |
| Seaman, Benj. H. | | 69 |
| Shannon, John | | 88 |
| Sherrard, D. A. C. | | 81 |
| Shock, Wm. | | 80 |
| Stein, Harrison | | 73 |
| Siegenthaler, Willoughby | | 63 |
| Simpkins, Eli H. | | 62 |
| Skinner, Samuel | | 88 |
| Smith, Daniel | | 88 |
| Smith, Dominick | | 71 |
| Spayde, Samuel | | 82 |
| Spohn, Daniel | | 75 |
| Stausmyer, Ernest | | 50 |
| Stout, Amos | | 77 |
| Strohl, John | | 70 |
| Stull, Rev. D. | | 65 |
| Stevenson, W. J. | | 59 |
| Tichenor, Zach | | — |
| Vandercook, Fred | | 82 |
| Weller, Willis | | 59 |
| Werner, Frederick | | 74 |

| | |
|-------------------------|----|
| Winters, Peter Sr. | 85 |
| Ziegler, Charles | 53 |
| Zielly, Thomas H. | 83 |

Women

| Names | Ages |
|---------------------------------|------|
| Acker, Mrs. H. B. | 63 |
| Anderson, Mrs. Margaret | 67 |
| Ashley, Mrs. Rachel A. | 74 |
| Andrews, Mrs. Ann M. | 80 |
| Artz, Helen | 77 |
| Atzinger, Maria | 60 |
| Baker, Mary A. | 86 |
| Bardshar, Susan | 48 |
| Beebe, Susannah | 83 |
| Burkett, Mrs. Joel | 48 |
| Chapman, Mrs. D. A. | 76 |
| Croyle, Barbara | 82 |
| Cummings, Mrs. Catharine | 68 |
| Darr, Anna M. | 71 |
| Davenport, Rose | 63 |
| Dicken, Caroline E. | 89 |
| Diehr, Mrs. Mary Ann | 78 |
| Driftmyer, Minnie | — |
| Ernst, Mrs. Catharine | 65 |
| Fitsmaurice, Mrs. Margaret | 69 |
| Forritter, Lusetta | 70 |
| Fuller, Emma W. | 84 |
| Gallagher, Jane | 73 |
| Gardner, Mrs. T. E. | 68 |
| Gassman, Elizabeth | 59 |
| Grant, Mrs. Sarah A. | 88 |
| Harkness, Mrs. E. D. | 40 |
| Harris, Mrs. Margaret | 83 |
| Herl, Elizabeth | 74 |
| Hetrick, Mrs. Jacob | 65 |
| Huffman, Mrs. Nancy N. | 95 |
| Huffman, Alice | 63 |
| Jackson, Mrs. Samuel | 71 |
| Jackson, Mrs. Margaret | 39 |
| Klotz, Annie | 69 |
| Kraft, Theresa | 90 |
| Kessler, Mrs. B. F. | 63 |
| Kelsey, Catharine | 79 |
| Kechele, Christena | 70 |
| Lattimore, Susan | 68 |
| LeFevre, Elvira | 87 |
| Lyon, Martha | 64 |
| Mauntler, Maria | 68 |
| Mowery, Lovina | 73 |
| Mason, Hannah | 82 |
| Mengel, Anna | 80 |
| Metcalf, Sarah | 80 |
| Muggensturm, Johanna | 66 |
| Myers, Mrs. Emanuel | 80 |
| Myers, Mrs. Maria | 79 |
| McIntyre, Mrs. Quincy | 70 |
| McNary, Ellen | 60 |
| McDonald, Mrs. Joseph | 72 |
| Overmyer, Mrs. Geo. | 73 |
| Osborn, Maria | 73 |

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Page, Mrs. Arvilla | 79 |
| Price, Mrs. C. S. | 60 |
| Plagman, Mrs. Dorothea | 84 |
| Reimer, Maria C. | 61 |
| Rhodes, Mrs. Col. J. H. | 60 |
| Rife, Mrs. Daniel | 73 |
| Russell, Mrs. Sarah N. | 73 |
| Schmidt, Elizabeth | 76 |
| Sergeant, Mary | 73 |
| Simon, Mary | 74 |
| Shady, Anna | 70 |
| Smith, Mrs. J. N. | 68 |
| Smith, Elizabeth | 70 |
| Smith, Mrs. Rev. Israel | 88 |
| Suter, Anna E. | 74 |
| Spencer, Nora | 73 |
| Stevenson, Rosetta A. | 48 |
| Stout, Elizabeth | 73 |
| Taylor, Mrs. Margaret | 78 |
| Tyler, Mrs. C. B. | 76 |
| Van Buskirk, Catharine | 59 |
| Walters, Mary | 90 |
| Webster, Elizabeth | 77 |
| West, Roxanna | 83 |
| Willis, Helen | 60 |
| Woodward, Arabella | 75 |
| Younkman, Mrs. John Sr. | 85 |

Afternoon Session.

The audience reassembled at one o'clock and the afternoon program opened with a piano duet by Mrs. Golden and Miss Minnie Remsburg, which was splendidly executed and loudly applauded. Miss Rosa Menkhaus, accompanied by her father, Prof. A. Menkhaus on the piano, rendered one of her delightful vocal solos, after which Hon. Geo. F. Aldrich read a paper on reminiscences, written by Hon. George Engler, mayor of our city.

Sketch by George Engler.

Mr. President and Pioneers:

On the 28th day of June, 1834, our family and the families of Geo. Ranck, Christian Doncyson, Geo. Sillman and Christian Leimenstoll left the village of Voerstetten, in Germany, for America.

Off to America.

I think we were the fourth family that went to America from our village. We stopped two days in Paris to see the sights and arrived at Havre de Grace on the 21st day of July,

where we had to wait a week for a vessel to take us to New York. There were no steamboats crossing the ocean in those days, everything went by sail. We arrived in New York in the fore part of September, after being on the water 38 days. New York was not much of a city at that time. Hogs, cattle and horses were running at large in the streets. The whole city seemed to be a pasture lot for stock to run on, just as it was in our town 40 years ago.

We stayed in New York about two days and then took a steamboat for Albany. We camped out on the dock at Albany and the next day took a canal boat for Buffalo. We stayed in Buffalo over night and the next morning took the steamer "New York" for Portland (now Sandusky.) We arrived in Portland after being on the boat 48 hours. On our arrival there we found the town deserted, as the cholera was raging there. Most of the people had left town.

Cholera.

My father, Mr. Geo. Engler, Mr. Christian Doncyson and several others then went on foot to Lower Sandusky (now Fremont,) to find out where my uncle, Martin Engler, was located. He came to this country the year before we did. When my father and his companions arrived at Lower Sandusky nearly all of the houses were closed up, on account of the cholera in town, and most of the inhabitants had left for the country. None of them could understand or talk a word of English, and it was hard to find a German in town at that time. When it was about getting dark they went on the hill near where Dr. Rawson's house now stands, and built a fire in the woods, under an oak tree, and stayed there all night. In the morning Mr. Vincent Curtice, a colored man, came up to see them. He invited them to his home, where Mrs. Curtice got a good breakfast for them.

The next thing in order was to find out where my Uncle Martin was located. They finally found my uncle in Rice township, and he seemed to be pretty well satisfied. He had about two acres of land cleared and a log cabin on it. It was in the fall of the year, and the Black Swamp was dry and looked nice. We found out

different in the spring. Uncle had 80 acres of land and he sold my father 40 acres of it. I was but twelve years old and in a strange country—everything was woods at that time along the river, except a little clearing on the hill above the landing, with a log cabin on it, which was owned and occupied by a Mr. Norris and his wife, a couple of old people.

Two or three days after we arrived at Uncle Martin's, uncle and my father were called out at midnight to bury Mr. Basil Coe, one of our neighbors who died of cholera. Uncle and my father buried him on his farm, in the woods, by torchlight. They had no more fears of burying a man who died of cholera than of any other disease, and thought nothing of it.

In a few days after arriving here we made preparations to build a log house on our land.

We moved into our new house some time in November. Our furniture was all new and home made, and of the latest style. It was made out of good bass wood logs, split and hewed on one side. Our bedsteads, table and benches were all made of the same material, not very handsome but strong and durable. After we got settled the next thing in order was to clear some land so that we could plant something in the spring, cleared about two acres, and when we got ready to plant in the spring the land was all under water, almost knee deep. Father and I went into the water with grub hoes and scraped the soil together and made little mounds in the water to plant our corn on. We planted our corn and waited about a week to see it come up; but no corn came up. We examined the hills and found the corn all gone. The squirrels had dug it up and carried it away.

In the fall and winter of 1836 the people in our neighborhood began to realize their almost desperate situation. The money they had brought with them from Germany was all spent in paying for their land, houses, and living or subsistence, for about two years: they had but little land cleared, the crops were poor, everything was high that they had to buy, flour was \$12 per barrel and corn 75 cents per bushel. You could not go to a neighbor's and borrow a bushel of wheat or corn, as they were about

all in the same situation, and none of them had anything to spare. There was no work to do in our part of the country because people had no money nor anything else with. They were all poor, with a few exceptions.

Our German colony consisted of the following families: Michael and Jacob Stull, Joseph Lambert, Michael Smith, Michael Holderman, John Smith, Anthony Reinick, F. J. Reinick, Bernhard Doncyson, Jacob Jenny, Martin Engler, George Engler, Michael Paul, George Ranck and Martin Boos. Some of them were Lutheran and some were Catholics; all lived in Rice township.

About that time an old gentleman, a Mr. Jacob Bowlus, who lived up on Muscalonge creek, and who was a local preacher of the United Brethren church and could preach in German, having heard of the condition our German colony was in came to the settlement to investigate matters. He saw at once that the people needed spiritual consolation as well as financial aid, and went to work at once to make preparations for holding religious meetings in that neighborhood and preach the Gospel to the people. As they had no public buildings or school houses in our section at that time they held their meetings in private houses, first in one then another throughout the neighborhood. Mr. Bowlus delighted to preach in German; as our German settlers hadn't heard a German sermon for several years, it was something new to them and reminded them of old times long gone by. The whole German settlement went to hear Mr. Bowlus and there was quite a religious revival during which about all the German settlers joined Mr. Bowlus's church, irrespective of their former creeds; Catholics and Protestants joined the United Brethren church. Mr. Bowlus's sermons gave the people new hope and energy, which did much good in the settlement. Mr. Bowlus also gave the people employment on his farm and in his saw-mill, which was a great help to them. The Bowluses had come to Sandusky county in 1822 and settled on the Muscalonge creek, and when we came in 1834 they had large farms cleared up and were considered quite wealthy. Mr. Bowlus paid his laborers mostly in provisions, which

were most needed by them. He practiced what he preached, and I don't know what in the world some of our people would have done if it hadn't been for him. All honor to that grand old man.

Our neighbors in Sandusky township were about all Americans, mostly from Pennsylvania and Maryland, who could speak the German language, which was a great help to us. There were the families of Peter and Charles Burgoon, Daniel Hensel, David Engler, Michael Reed, five Bowlus families, Jacob Sr., Jacob Jr., David, Henry and Nicholas; the Remsburgs, George, John and Samuel Wagoner, and Jonathan Kessler. Our next neighbors were the family of Peter Burgoon. Mrs. Peter Burgoon was a genuine pioneer and a most estimable lady. She was kind-hearted and always seemed cheerful and happy. She could speak German, which was a great help to the neighborhood. She gave our German mothers much good and timely advice and assistance by showing them how to do things in this country, which was highly appreciated by the people.

About 1836 the people got together in our section to form a school district and elect a board of directors. They finally concluded to build a log school house on the banks of Little Mud Creek, on the farms of Charles Burgoon and Jacob Jenny, right on the line of Sandusky and Rice townships, part of the house being situated in Rice and part in Sandusky townships. It was a kind of secondary consideration with them. They were nearly all poor and the clothing of the children wasn't any too warm for winter. Besides, most of the parents thought that when children were old enough to go to school they were old enough to work and to help clear the land by picking brush and burning log heaps in the winter and scaring away the blackbirds in the summer.

Sixty-eight years ago our Black Swamp was considered a "howling wilderness," today it is the "Garden Spot of Ohio." All this change has been accomplished by our sturdy and hardy pioneers and their descendants.

When I think back to the time when we landed on the banks of the Sandusky river in 1834, when the country was a wilderness, and contrast it

with the country as it looks now, it seems like a dream.

There are but few of the old pioneers of 1834 left with us. One of the most noted and the oldest one is our venerable Dr. Peter Beaugrand. He has lived longer in our city than any other man living here today, and in my opinion has done more for poor suffering humanity in the early days of our county than any other man now living among us. Our county was very unhealthy at first and there was a saying that there were more sick people than well ones then, especially from September to December of each year. Nearly every house in the county was a hospital that had one or more sick in it with fever and ague and bilious fever. There were but few doctors in town then and it kept them busy day and night to attend to their patients. Our pioneers were generally poor and not able to pay doctors' bills; but our generous and humane Dr. Beaugrand attended to all, rich or poor, alike; it made no difference to him who it was.

Now in conclusion I wish to say that I have been a citizen of Sandusky county for 68 years and probably know as much about its people and their affairs as anyone in the county. I have seen it transformed from a wilderness to a garden, and its people from poverty to wealth and prosperity, and all in a lifetime.

Sketch by James M. Bowland.

I came to lower Sandusky with my parents from Perry county, Ohio, June 19, 1835. We moved here in a large covered wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen, and brought with us a lot of household goods and three milch cows. We came through Tiffin and took the river road on the west side down through Fort Seneca and past James Moore's mill at Ballville.

The first man that my father talked with here was Julius Patterson, of whom he inquired where John Strohl lived. Patterson kindly took us to Strohl's house which stood at the foot of the hill northeast of the present residence of Col. Haynes, just back of Kessler's blacksmith shop. As Mr. Strohl was a brother-in-law of my father, we stopped over night with

him, and the next day, June 20, we went out on the place now known as the Mike Long farm, 2 1-4 miles S. E. of Lower Sandusky. When we got there we unyoked our oxen and put a cow bell on one of them and turned them out to graze in the bush. We had bought the bell that morning of Ed Whyler for 37 1-2 cents.

The first work we did was to dig a well, about four feet square and thirteen-feet deep, and to keep the earth from caving in we put in a curbing of sassafras poles and slabs; and I must say that it answered its purpose very well and we had cold sassafras tea out of that well for more than a year. None of us liked it but we had to drink it. During the first week we lodged in our covered wagon and cooked our meals in the bush.

The next work we did was to build a log cabin. Our nearest neighbors were Moulton Short, John Glaze, Peter Linebaugh and Adam Brunthaver. Mr. Glaze was 1-4 Indian blood.

After completing our log cabin and some outbuildings and enclosing a garden patch we made it a rule to clear the timber from about twelve acres of land every year, for farming purposes. During the second year of our clearing, 1836, we used all the good timber that we could for staves and lap-shingles and shakes or clap-boards. Lap-shingles were made in abundance and found a ready sale at \$2.25 per thousand.

From our clearing we also sold tanbark, white oak and black oak, at \$2.00 to \$2.25 per cord, and hickory and white ash wood at \$1.00 per cord. Those two were the only kinds of timber that were salable for firewood. For a period of seven years, I hauled wood, staves, bark, shingles, hoop poles, ashes and charcoal, usually every week day and sometimes on Sunday, as my father had many contracts to furnish these supplies to town and to the early settlers. We also saved from our clearing about four or five hundred bushels of ashes every year, for which we received three cents per bushel. We sold them to Isaac Von Doren, who had the only ashery in this region, bought of Mr. J. R. Pease a few years previous.

Our cabin was built on a sand ridge, right across the old Indian trail which led from Stem Town, (now Green

Spring,) to Lower Sandusky, and the Red Skins passed by our cabin almost every day or night. I do not think that the number of Indians, all told, exceeded 150 males and females. I remember only two names of those Indians, Shellbark Hickory and I Whopsey. The former taught me how to make bark canoes, bows and arrows. To make a canoe he would find a nice black ash tree about a foot in diameter, cut the bark through to the wood clear around the tree, about a foot from the ground, then make a scaffold of poles about 12 or 13 feet high around the tree, and with an ax or tomahawk cut a ring around the tree above, then strike a chalk line perpendicularly and cut the bark down it from top to bottom, then take a spud and peel the bark off around the tree without splitting it; then shape the ends so that when drawn together they will turn up in shape like a sled-runner, then sew together ends with leatherwood bark so as to be water-tight; then cut some staves and set them inside to give proper shape, and leave in the sun to dry a few days. It will get as hard as bone. I made many a one. This leatherwood bark was twice as strong as our ordinary leather and was quite durable and kept the canoes water tight. This bark was also used to fasten their flints on the ends of their arrows. The arrows were made of hickory wood and their bows of sassafras, the latter being very elastic when dry. The wood for the arrow was split at end about 2 1-2 inches, the back end of the flint was slipped in and fastened by winding and tying the bark around it. This leatherwood grew like hazel brush, but it was in such demand that it perished with the using and has become extinct. I have not seen any of it for many years.

I believe I am the only man in Sandusky county who can show the exact place where the Indian trail intersected the Pike. It was about 1 1-4 miles east of Fremont, near the present farm home of Abel Franks, on land then owned by John Tyler.

The principal rendezvous of these Indians from 1835 to 1838 when they left this country, was about one mile north of Stemtown, where they had huts and tents and ponies and hides and other chattels, and where they

had an orchard of natural apple trees. It is said that they were so angry that they had to leave the fine spring at Stemtown that they threw sticks and branches of trees into it, which can still be seen coated a bright green.

Our living in those pioneer days was very frugal. Our milling facilities were very poor. Our rations included corn bread, potatoes and buckwheat a few years later. The corn was pounded fine with a pouncer, or heavy wooden hammer, suspended from a spring-pole, (like the old-fashioned sweeps used to draw water from wells,) which was made to strike with force upon the top of a solid oak stump which had been chiseled out into the shape of a wooden bowl or mortar in which the corn was placed. The pounded mass was then sifted and what passed through was used as meal and the rest fed to the live stock.

Our meats consisted of venison, wild turkey, pheasant, quail, squirrel, rabbit and fish, all of which we had in great abundance. We could then buy a barrel of white bass, catfish or pickerel, salted down, for two dollars. These were the only varieties of fish that were salable. We could buy two hind quarters of venison for fifty cents and a good, big wild turkey for 25 cents, and a dozen pheasants for a quarter. Quails were a cent a piece. Along in the thirties corn sold for 37 1-3 cents in trade and dull sale. Potatoes begged for buyers at 12 1-2 cents. We had only four varieties: the Mobawk Blues, White Pink Eyes, White Neshannock and the Merinos. The last named were the most prolific but not considered the best for use.

For winter meat we would kill and salt down, late in the fall, say in November, about thirteen hogs and one beef. This supply, with ten in the family, some of whom had appetites like wood choppers, would not last half the winter, and then we had to fall back on fish and wild game, of which we often got tired.

Wages were then about fifty cents, or a bushel of wheat per day, for a good hand. Most of the trading was by barter. About the only means some had to get money was by the sale of deer skins, coon skins or beeswax. These three articles were con-

sidered legal tender in those days. Deer skins brought the fabulous price of 37 1-2 cents a piece, coon skins 8 to 12 1-2, and beeswax 8 cents per pound. The woods abounded in honey bees and we always had a good supply of honey.

Crows were numerous and black-birds came in tremendous flocks, like black clouds, and they would soon devour a patch of corn, if we did not hurry and frighten them away by hallooing, and shooting and beating on tin pans.

The woods were also alive with skunks, opossums and chipmunks. The chipmunks were very troublesome about corn planting time, and if not watched would dig up the corn that had been planted, row after row, even after it had bladed.

The woods were also alive with snakes of different varieties, some harmless and some poisonous. Some of these were garter snakes. I found a milk snake one time in a hollow tree where it had a nest 70 feet from the ground, and I will have to tell another bee story to get the snake out. I cut a bee tree, at an early day, near the country home of Hon. T. P. Finefrock, in which the opening to the bees was about 70 feet from the ground. When the tree fell it did not break and we sawed it off above and below, to swarm the bees. We had plugged up the hole where the bees went in and out, but they came out at one end that we sawed off, and we tied a handkerchief over the opening and put the log on a sled and hauled it home. After we had left it there about half an hour and came back to it I was horrified to see a milk snake about four feet long crawl out between the gum and the handkerchief. It must have harbored in that gum with the bees.

It is not generally known that at an early day there were elks in this region. Evidences were found in Riley township by John Whitmore, who in plowing up a reclaimed swamp of about 40 acres struck many elk horns imbedded in the soil. Some were decayed and brittle, others in a good state of preservation. An old settler who came here as early as 1814 said that the elk used to come to the marsh to fight the flies, and in doing so in the thickets they shed their

horns, which were left near together, as they went in herds.

I might add here that about eighty rods west of our cabin there was a small ridge of earth about three feet high, on an average, and four feet wide, extending in a circular form, enclosing about four acres of ground. Inside this circle there was young timber growing, small saplings about six to eight in thickness. Outside the circle were large trees of the forest. None of the early settlers could give an account of it, but supposed it to have been a fortification during the French and Indian war.

In 1849-50 Lower Sandusky took its first boom, when Mr. O. L. Nims was the first merchant to pay cash for produce. The next was in 1852, during the building of the Toledo & Cleveland railroad, now the Lake Shore. The next in 1853, when the building of the L. E. & W. left considerable cash in town.

The first fair held in the county lasted only one day. It was held in the Third Ward; no admission fee was charged, as they exhibited only a few oxen, cows, some vegetables, corn, potatoes, etc.

I wish to say that having seen the growth of the country for the last 67 years I think I am safe in making a prophecy for the future. I prophesy that the T. F. & N. Electric R. R. will have double tracks to Bellevue, and run cars every 5 or 7 minutes, to accommodate the traveling public and the people who will then live along the line in stately mansions. The ballast of the road will then be all of brick or stone, the streets all paved so as to make them a grand thoroughfare for automobiles and carriages of every kind. Those holding real estate along the road had better hold on to it.

Other Pioneer Items.

Mr. Philip Spohn, grandfather of Jonathan Spohn, Fremont, O., was a body guard of Gen. Washington during the Revolutionary war.

Jacob Bowlus.

Jacob Bowlus, Fremont's pioneer resident, and son of Jacob Bowlus, Sr., and grandson of Rev. Bowlus, spoke to the audience on the lives of

his ancestors. Mr. Bowlus's grandfather was the first white settler in the county and Mr. Bowlus himself is the oldest living representative in the county.

Sketch by C. A. Harris.

At the request of one of the officers of the Sandusky County Pioneers' association I append herewith a short sketch of my father's journey from New York state to Lower Sandusky, now this thriving city of Fremont, together with his early pioneer life in this then uncultivated section, since transformed from a veritable wilderness to the beautiful sheens of cultivated fields and meadow, hum of active life and to the scene of today, when the early hardships of the earlier periods are now but history.

In the summer of the year 1838, Arnold Harris, my father, and Mr. Nathaniel Tucker closed a deal whereby their farms were "swapped," so to speak, for one hundred and sixty acres of land in Sandusky county, which is now farmed by Henry Tucker. Under the agreement, my father was to have the north eighty acres. In the winter of that same year, 1838, the head of the household decided to depart to the scene of his new possession. The family at that time included six children and the trip was no small undertaking. The weather was quite cold and necessitated our stopping often between our old home, and our destination in the Buckeye state, our means of immigration being but a span of horses and a sleigh. On one occasion we tarried at a small hotel on our route, near which place I cannot now remember, but the circumstances of which incident I shall never forget. Here we met a man by the name of David Cochran. Becoming friendly he poised me on his lap in front of a big hearth fire, at the same time inquiring of my father what part of the west we were journeying to. When told, he was much surprised and informed my father that he had a brother residing there. Turning to me he remarked in a happy way that he had a little niece there that would make me a good wife some day. I might state in

this connection that that day came on the first day of October, 1848, and we had our golden wedding on the first day of October, 1898, meeting joyously and mingling with our old friends and neighbors. On this latter occasion Mrs. George Momeny, now living at Port Clinton, and myself danced the highland fling for the last time, but which, however, had not been the first time.

To return again to the pioneer part of my story: Sleighing was very good until we reached a little town about ten miles east of Cleveland, called East Euclid. There we struck bare ground. Luck was with us, however, it so chancing, that my father had a cousin in this little village, his name being Adam Farr, and his occupation being that of a country landlord. He owned a farm about a half mile from East Euclid, upon which was a vacant house. At his suggestion that we occupy this place until the first snow storm again made passage for us possible, we put the temporary home in available condition and remained here for three weeks. On Christmas day it snowed in great shape, and the following day we continued on our journey, meeting with no extraordinary hardships between the little northwestern Ohio town and our destination. Upon reaching a point near Green Creek, four miles east of Lower Sandusky, we stopped at a small hotel then owned by Mr. Caldwell, who later became probate judge of Ottawa county. My father informed that gentleman that he owned but three cents in money as his sole financial possessions at that time, and further, that he didn't intend to carry that three cents all the way into Lower Sandusky. He spent the three coppers for a glass of toddy, and we landed in Lower Sandusky without a penny, stopping for a time at a hotel on the site of which, I think, is now located the Wheeling depot. The place was kept by a man by the name of Corbin. The day after we left this place father saw Dr. Brainerd, who told him he had a small, one-story brick dwelling upon the hill near the old log-jail, and that he should move his family there.

The following morning we drove there and unloaded our boxes of goods

which contained nothing but beds and bedding and a few dishes. One of the boxes was utilized as a table, cutting up a slab of wood and placing in pegs for chairs.

At this period the Ohio railroad was in process of building and the contractors gave us all the tree tops they were cleaning out for the line. My brother Augustus, who was three years older than I, and myself chopped the tops into wood, and my father hauled the wood to town, receiving fifty cents a cord for it. In this manner we were kept busily engaged until the nearing of spring. Our team was then disposed of to the stage company, they paying \$300 for the span, in addition to the broken down span of stage horses.

In the spring of 1839, as soon as the frost had ridden the ground, father assisted the immigrants through what was then termed the Black Swamp, and which is familiar to most of us, from Lower Sandusky to Perrysburg, a total distance of thirty-one miles. In this distance there were thirty-two taverns, as they were then called. I have heard my father state that they worked hard all the time, on one occasion remaining at a tavern two nights.

In those olden days one could scarcely look out of a window without seeing from one to a half dozen covered immigrant wagons, the occupants looking for homes. In that spring of 1839 when the roads dried sufficiently we moved down to the farm. There were two log houses on Mr. Tucker's eighty acres, and no building of any kind on our eighty, so we moved into one of the Tucker cabins until we could build one of our own. There were no improvements on our land with the exception of ten acres of prairie land, which had never been broken. Here we lived about a year.

In the year 1840 we rented the tavern owned by Mr. Millious, on the east side of the river. A large carved eagle was purchased and placed on a pole in front of the place, the tavern being known after as the "Eagle House."

The Eagle tavern was run for two years by father, who then moved back again to the old farm, where he re-

mained until 1846, the farm in the meantime being set in the best possible shape after much hard work. In the year mentioned the old farm was sold, and father purchased the Judge Everett farm, west of Richard Willey's place. Here he remained two years, or until 1848, when he bought the old Norris place, at the mouth of Muscalonge creek, formerly belonging to Jared Overmyer, who claimed ownership by right of possession. Father then had a law suit with the Fremont Catholic society, old man Norris having willed the farm to that society. Homer Everett of Fremont, was his attorney, and the court decided against the society in favor of father, giving him a clear, clean title to the land on the ground that at the time the will was made there was no Catholic church in Fremont.

Pioneer Sketch by George Barkham-mer.

I was born June 1st, 1819, at Lancaster, Pa., and when a small child my father moved to Stark county, Ohio. A very short time afterward we left there to move to Illinois, but the roads being so bad and our money giving out, we got as far as a place called the Four Mile House, four miles west of Lower Sandusky, and were obliged to turn back. This was simply a small village. Where Dr. Wilson's residence now stands were two block houses and the old fort, and in the latter, the ditch of which was still visible, lived two white families.

I have resided here ever since. January 1st, 1842, I was married to Sarah Ann Parish. We had fourteen children, of which twelve died and two are now living, Louis and George. All these years I have been a fisherman and I have seen the Sandusky river so full of fish in the spring of the year, that in fording the river at the John M. Smith residence or the old General Bell property, and the horse and wagon had passed through, there would be a stream of dead fish floating around, and it was no uncommon sight to see the horse's legs cut and bleeding from coming in contact with the fish's fins.

I have caught at one haul as high as fifty barrels of fish, after being cleaned. There was then no market for fish, but people would come from Columbus, Marion, and all around that section of the country and exchange the necessities of life for fish, but I can assure you that we did not get much money. The balance of the fish we gave away. I controlled the nets and the citizens would help me for a share of the fish. Muscalonge and pickerel were pretty plenty. The largest pickerel I have ever caught weighed 65 pounds and the largest sturgeon 102 pounds.

Did you ask about deer?

When we wanted any venison all that we had to do was to cut a tree down and sneak up in the branches along about three in the morning, and soon deer would come to browse on the limbs. You could shoot one and the others would run away just a short distance, then in a short time back they would come as big as you please for more. Of course, we only shot the slick and fat fellows, as ammunition was so valuable.

When we wanted some fresh pork, we would simply dig a long, deep and narrow trench, and would cover the same with leaves and shack, and Mr. Wild Hog would come there to forage, then down he would go into the trench. Only the hams and shoulders graced our tables and the wolves had a picnic party that day. When I was a boy my conscience never hurt me when it came to butchering day, for those hogs were such vicious fellows, big and lanky, weighing as much as 500 pounds alive, and had tusks four or five inches long.

If we ventured out at night, we had to carry torches, the wolves were so thick. We used to catch them in traps, and I remember the first one that I built. It was built of logs, drawn in at the sides—a sort of a quail trap with a small hole left at the top.

The streams were simply alive with duck; and I have trapped muskrat in the ground back of the Buckland block. Back of where Baumann's butcher shop now stands, was a marshy pond, and I have the recollection of trapping an otter in this pond. On the court house location

the water stood knee deep nearly the whole year. In early days we used to cross the river by the old John M. Smith property, and I can say that I saw the first bridge go down, which stood south of the one now standing, and the abutment of which is still visible in the river bed.

I was in the army twice. In the 169th in Fort Ethan Allen, I took care of Col. Nathan Haynes's horse, and some of the boys can now remember how I used to make his sides shine like a looking glass. I re-enlisted in the 189th and did service at Nashville, Tenn. One day I fell out of the Zolley Coffee House, which, by the way, had 365 rooms, and broke my jaw. They tied up my jaw with bandages, first wiring them together, and then those nurses had the audacity to tell me that I was the most patient man in the house, because "I never opened my mouth to growl."

I could never find out where the British, who were killed in the battle of Fort Stephenson, were buried, but found 96 skeletons of Indians, when I helped to cut down the hill at Sandusky avenue. When I came to Lower Sandusky there were two tribes of Indians living here, the Wyandottes and the Senecas.

I remember about a second of August celebration that we had once, I think it was in 1852, when we took old Betsey back of the Hayes block, and placed her under the bridge, just a little to the south. Betsey was then a full fledged cannon and to make her speak, she was swabbed out, and then some fellow put his thumb over the little tube while another fellow rammed in the powder. By taking the thumb off the tube old Betsey would speak her piece. We were having a great celebration about that time and old Betsey was talking loud and clear; every one was excited by all the noise and uproar. The fellow who held his thumb over the tube lost his head with the rest of the people, and as the tube was getting red hot, off came his thumb, just as Billy Williams was ramming in the powder with the ramrod. It took off both of poor Billy's arms, just below the shoulder, and he was made a cripple for life. This was not all,

for the ramrod in its flight took off some of the bannisters of the bridge. This not being on the programme it made all kinds of excitement.

I firmly believe that we old pioneers established the rule of making the second of August a day of celebration, and the younger generation can thank us for the peanuts, circus lemonade, pop corn and fireworks.

I am now 83 years old, and though time hangs heavily, I hope to be able to meet with you all next year.

Pioneer Sketch by J. H. Clinger.

I was born June 16th, 1832 in Lancaster county, Lancaster, Ohio, and came to Sandusky county in the fall of 1833. My early life, like that of nearly all the pioneers, was spent in clearing up the forests, and three or four summers were spent in building a plank road, then a great convenience and an almost absolute necessity. We also took jobs of wood chopping at prices that we then thought considerable, \$1.50 to \$4.50 per month.

Schools were established shortly after we came here, and I can remember that when my father decided that I was old enough to be sent to school he sent me in care of my aunt to one that was located in the garret of a private house, which you had to reach by going up a ladder. The rounds of that ladder were so far apart for a little shaver and so high that, in my memory today, it seems to me as mystical as Jacob's ladder.

Of course, we took trips to Lower Sandusky, and two made when I was a little fellow stand out most vividly in my memory.

The first trip that I remember of distinctly, was made with my mother and grandmother, and in the thick of the underbrush, that grew so dense that it almost blotted out the trail which everyone followed, we met some Indians, and among them was a squaw who was carrying a papoose in the manner that they always carry their children. Now in that day the Indians were to us about the same as a "boogy man," only that the "boogy man" is a thing of imagination to be pictured at the will of the

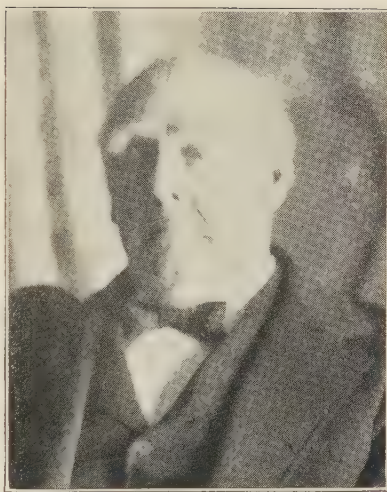
child, perhaps with horns and tail, but the Indians were a fearful reality to us, greatly exaggerated sometimes in tales that our elders told over the tea cups. If we had only met these somewhere else, say at home, where we might crawl under the old curtained bed; but in this wilderness to find yourself face to face with a bold, bad Indian—an Indian that would scalp you with a tomahawk if you said "boo"—it was enough to make your blood curdle and it made us cling to mother's and grandmother's skirts. Even in youth we learn that there is a tower of strength hidden in a petticoat.

As time flew by, however, the Indians grew more scarce, and finally it became an unusual thing to see one. When a young man, I ran into a camp of them, down at Touissant. I had been walking the whole day, across streams and through underbrush when I came quite accidentally to this camp. They also had a store there and we believed that we would be able to buy a few mouthfuls of food there. They had a slab set up for a counter, but upon inquiry we found that they kept nothing but sugar and fire water. Could not imagine what the sugar was for, unless to sweeten the whiskey.

The second trip to Fremont, that stands out so vividly in my memory, was made with my uncle and brother. In those days we could fish all the way from what is now call New Town to Fremont. It was a custom of ours to take a dip net with us, and fish on the way to Fremont, taking home a few baskets, which in those days were filled in short order. On this particular occasion my uncle managed the dip net and we half-grown boys watched him. It was a fine morning and the fish were plentiful. When my uncle tried to lift the net for the third time, a look of perfect disgust came over his face, for he thought that a log had gotten into his net. He put forth every effort to tip the log out, believing that the swift current there would help him. In tipping the net this way and that what do you suppose that he saw? The fin of a big fish. "Come, boys," he shouted; "I've got a whale." In a moment we knew that the "whale"



HANNAH BRUSH
1821-1916, 95 Years



CHARLES BRUSH
1816-1906, 90 Years

was a big sturgeon and into the water we went, waist deep. We drew the bows of the net together, wrapped the fish up in it and carried him over the rocks through the surging water to the shore. He never made one flop until we got him on shore, and had he done so before he would have drowned us. That fish measured between five and six feet long and was the biggest fish ever caught in a dip net. It was not unusual to catch a sturgeon, but to catch one in a dip net was a surprise party.

In early days, where the water fell over the dam, the red horse were so thick that you could fill a sack in no time with fish that weighed from three to eight pounds. In the summer, when the river was low, in the pools below the dam, two men could bale out four or five barrels of white bass. Fish were very plentiful then and a man could come to Fremont and get a wagon box full of them in a short time.

Great changes have come to Sandusky county, but I never realize just how old I am getting, until I see gathered around me my children, grandchildren and great-grandchild. I am the only one left in the family, and I certainly feel as though I am to be classed as one of the pioneers, with my name on the records of the pioneers of Sandusky county.

Pioneer Sketch of Charles Brush, of Green Creek Township.

I was born in Great Bend township, Susquehannah county, Pennsylvania, March 13th, 1816. My parents were Michael and Armida (Waller) Brush. My grandfather, Jonas Brush, was a Revolutionary soldier, and was wounded in the service. My grandfather, Nathan Waller, was captain of a company at the close of the war. I think he served in the latter part of that war. Grandmother had three brothers and two brothers-in-law, by the name of Weeks, killed in the Wyoming massacre, which occurred July 3, 1878.

I have an old and dilapidated history of the Wyoming massacre, also the history of Susquehanna county, formerly a part of Lucerne

county, Pa., where the massacre took place. My father moved to Yates, N. Y., in 1830. I was in my seventeenth year. We moved from Yates county to Ohio in January, 1833, by land, over bad roads during bad weather. We located 55 acres of government land in section 28, Green Creek township, adjoining my present place of residence, on the east—all now of one farm—the road running by the house was laid out in 1834 or '35. We bought a cheap yoke of oxen at \$35, a cow at \$12—\$5 in cash the balance on credit, funds having run out. We built a cheap log house, the door and chimney not being built until cold weather. We used a quilt hung up as a door. We partially cleared a piece of land, put in a few spring crops and put a temporary fence around it. We did not get much corn, some potatoes and garden truck. In 1834 my father built the mill-race from the sulphur springs to where the mill is now, known as the Stem's mill. The land where the sanitarium now stands was covered with small saplings. Some of the old settlers said they had seen corn growing there. I think that there were but three log cabins in Stem Town near Green Springs. Daniel H. Dana, who kept a dry goods store and grocery in part of his house, was the father of George Dana, at present living in Fremont; Bishop Adams and James Watrous were the other two. In Hamer's Corners, now Clyde, Mr. Wm. Hamer kept tavern, and a man by the name of Turk kept a dry goods and grocery store. The latter soon died of cholera. Wm. McPherson, father of General McPherson, kept a blacksmith shop. A school house and perhaps a few other buildings stood at the Corners in 1832. Mrs. Chase, afterwards Mrs. Slocum, taught school. My wife was one of her scholars, and she says that her teacher was the grandmother of General McPherson. There was considerable sickness at that time. The doctors, Henry Niles, Wm. Harkness and Dr. Phelps and sometimes Dr. Rawson and Dr. Anderson from Lower Sandusky were called upon.

Amos Fenn, a local minister, of Clyde, Joseph Jackson, a few miles from Clyde, Elder Keating from near

Tiffin, preached occasionally. The latter was a Close Communion Baptist, and was the father of the Keatings of Clyde. Elder Carleton and Mugg. They were Free Will Baptists.

In 1836 my father died, aged 46 years and some months. I was then 20 years of age, my three sisters running from three to thirteen years younger. The last one passed away nearly nine years ago. We were somewhat in a dilemma. The head of the family had been taken away and our relatives 500 miles away. We were in debt, and our friends urged us to come back, they offering to come for us or send for us. My mother, who had a good deal of fortitude and resolution, and myself concluded to stay with the children. We had a hard time, we found almost double the amount of debts that we had expected. In the fall of the same year, 1836, Mr. Stem built his grist mill. He hired me to do a job of work on the road east of the mill, amounting to \$150, which helped us considerably. Mr. Stem was about the only man who had money to pay for work. 1840 Mr. Hiram and myself took the job of clearing 17 acres of heavily timbered land; to cut the saw logs, draw them to the head of the mill-race and float them to the mill, to build an 8 rail fence, locked on top, around, and through the middle. We also cut considerable wood in the northwest part of Green Creek.

In the fall of 1840 was presidential election. I voted for Wm. Henry Harrison. In 1856 I voted for J. C. Fremont. I voted for all the rest of the presidential candidates for president. My mother kept house for the family and myself. I provided for the family until 1856, when I was married. My mother lived with me until her death which occurred in January, 1881, in her 91st year.

In 1849 Orson Grover and myself cleared 35 acres of land in what is now Clyde, of the old Clapp farm. It is in the north-west portion, west of Main street, including the Birdseye place of residence, and the rest of that portion of the town. Orson Grover now lives in Hillsdale County, Michigan. I can recollect but two of my old associates living here—Elisha Dawley and Matthew Hutchins, who

worked with me on the old Ohio Railroad, 61 years ago. They now live in Clyde.

Several days ago I rode on an automobile which I think is quite a contrast to our riding on ox carts 60 and 70 years ago.

Note—Mr. Brush, died in 1906 aged 90, his wife Hannam Swarts Brush, died Aug. 22, 1916 aged 95. She was a person of superior mind, but blind from young womanhood. She was educated at the Columbus Institution for the blind and was for a time a teacher therein. While there she became acquainted with the noted blind christian song writer Fanny Crosby and they were warm friends. She was found of literature, both classic and modern and well versed in the same, able, with a wonderful memory, to recite many poems in full. She was a devoted Bible reader, and one could scarcely mention any portion of it that she was not familiar with and could readily recite. She was loved by all who knew her for her beautiful traits of womanly character. As wife, mother and friend she was loving, devoted and sincere. She became blind while engaged to be married to Mr. Brush; she offered to release him, but he nobly said: "You were good enough for me when you could see and you are good enough for me now." They lived a happy wedded life for more than a half century and were blessed in worldly affairs. Their residence three miles southwest from Clyde, O., was an ideal county home, noted for the generous hospitality of its owners. They were survived by two daughters, Mrs. W. C. Gray and Mrs. W. S. Brown.

A Pioneer Sailor—G. W. Orr.

Mount Clemens, Mich.
Mr. I. H. Burgoon, Fremont, Ohio:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 9th was duly received, and in reply I will tell you what I know about Lower Sandusky and the boating business in pioneer days. I was master of the steamer Islander. She was built and owned by Datus Kelley, of Kelley's Island, to run between Kelley's Island and other points. I think she was put on the route in 1846. The business

was very light until Mr. Heywood commenced buying wheat. The water in the river was very low, so we built two lighters that would carry two thousand bushels each. As the country improved the wheat came in more freely, and we had a fairly good business; and when Kendall & Nims started their store Lower Sandusky began to boom. They had as enterprising and honorable a set of business men as I ever did business with. I left there with many friends that I never have forgotten. I was on the *Islander* until 1855, and then went on the brig *Castalia*. I sailed her one year and then went back on the *Islander* until she was sold, and then we went to work and built the *Island Queen* and run her on the Lower Sandusky and *Island* route until the railroads crowded us out.

Kendall and Nims and Charles Foster used to bring on large stocks of goods. I remember that I brought at one shipment fifty hogsheads of sugar and tons of coffee. Some of the names of the old firms were: Pease & Roberts, Jesse Olmstead, Christian Doncyson. I suppose they have long ago gone over the river. I have not been in Fremont for thirty years.

Lockwood & Smith built a boat to run to Fremont, but she did not run regularly. The boat you referred to of which you did not know the name was the *Reindeer*. She was the largest boat that was ever up the river. We used to run her to Buffalo or anywhere on the lakes. It would not pay to run her on the river. She was a very fast boat, and would carry seven hundred passengers.

We finally built a new hull for her machinery and called her the *Chief Justice Waite*. She was the last steamer I sailed. I began in 1828 and quit in the fall of 1875.

Now I will tell of the early history of the Sandusky river in regard to navigation. The first boat propelled by power on board was moved by horse power; two horses being used as motive power, by a Mr. Caldwell. The first steamer on the river was the *Water Witch*. I saw her in Oswego, N. Y. She was owned by a man named Mallory, and had been built for a packet boat on the Erie canal;

but she was not allowed to be run on account of her washing the canal banks. The steamer *Commerce* was built for that route, but she did not run regularly. Captain Wells put the steamer *Vance* on the route.

The docks on the route as I remember them were as follows: First the Hartshorn, back of Johnson's Island; next the Bushen's dock, which was quite a shipping place for farm produce; next the Plaster Bed, which was used for shipping plaster and other produce; next the Haines' dock above—which I never knew to be used for anything. There was no Moore's dock on the route to Fremont. There was a Moore's dock about eight miles from Port Clinton on the Lake Shore. I can imagine a fine trip up the river with its fine scenery as seen from the upper deck of one of these steamers: First we come to Slates' Point. Mr. Slates used to be at the mouth of the river and they used to come in times of high water with boats and take him ashore; the next is Mud creek where the Hunter's Club House is; and the next is Eagle Island, which is fast disappearing in the bay. Then you go up the river about seven miles through the wild rice and rushes and come to LaPoint's farm, on terra firma, then to Cooleys' and then to Muskalonge, and then around Nigger Point in the bend of the river, where I used to land excursion parties to eat their picnic dinners. They always went away well satisfied with the scenery and the trip. My health is poor, and I will not tire your patience longer. Give my regards to all the Fremont people.

Mrs. P. B. Warriner, the oldest resident of Ottawa county, and who enjoys the distinction of having been born the same day as Abraham Lincoln, Feb. 12, 1809.

My first memory is of my father's log cabin in the wilderness of Chautauqua county, New York, and my first school days were in the summer of the year 1814.

There were no school houses nor any public money for the support of schools, so several families who were

neighbors clubbed together and hired a teacher, each family paying in proportion to the number of children sent to school. My first school was at the home of our nearest neighbor, Mr. Bemis, who lived three quarters of a mile from us. There was no road nor any path, so my father took his ax and went with my sister and I the first day, and cut a chip from each side of the trees along the way, thus marking a path for us to go and come through the forest. I was a little more than five that summer and my sister less than four years old. Mr. Bemis had a frame corn crib and in this the school was held. He then built a barn and as soon as it was enclosed and the floor laid we moved into it. We had for a seat two blocks with a board laid across them.

Our only book was a spelling book, called "An Easy Standard of Pronunciation, by Noah Webster." I can still recall the six pictures in the book and can repeat word for word most of the stories. The pictures were called: 1st, The Boy Stealing Apples; 2nd, The Country Maid and Her Milk Pail; 3rd, The Bear and the Two Friends; 4th, The Fox in the Brambles; 5th, The Bear and the Bees; 6th, The Farmer and the Lawyer.

We had no pictures on the wall, no blackboards, nor any of the many modern aids to learning, but I think we were as happy and learned as quickly as the children do now. I learned to spell words of three syllables the first summer. Our school lasted only three months each year. The first winter school I attended was when I was ten years old and was at the home of my grandfather in eastern New York.

Though we had time to forget during the nine months of the year what little we learned in the three months of school, we did not do so, and my school memories are as clear as if it were yesterday.

Pioneers and Others Who Registered.

Ball, Miss Alvira
 Ball, Miss Eveline
 Batesole, C.
 Baumgardiner, Wm.

Bailey, Rev. D. H.
 Berlincourt, Eliza
 Betts, R. E.
 Bowlus, Mrs. J. A.
 Bowlus, Mrs. J. H.
 Bowman, John
 Bowman, Mrs. H. E.
 Bonam, J. J.
 Boyer, Catharine
 Boyer, Mrs. John
 Brough, Diana
 Brush, Charles
 Brush, Mrs. C.
 Burgoon, Mrs. Nancy
 Burgoon, David
 Burgner, Jacob

Carr, Mrs. C.
 Carr, Haman
 Cavalier, Mrs. P. F.
 Chambers, B. S.
 Clink, Fred
 Comstock, O. E.
 Comstock, Mrs. O. E.
 Cole, Mrs. Capt.
 Crowell, Mrs. Eugene
 Curtis, Mrs. R. J.

Dirlam, Frank
 Dirlam, Mrs. F.
 Dell, Mrs. Geo.
 Dell, George
 Dollison, Mrs. Lydia
 Dunham, A.

Edwards, Hezekiah
 Edwards, Mrs. H.
 Ellis, Mrs. Elizabeth
 Ellsworth, Mrs. Arthur
 Feasel, Martha J.
 Fisher, T. H.
 Fisher, Mrs. T. H.
 Forgerson, Grant
 Forgerson, Thomas
 Fowler, Mrs. Maria

Gephart, J. B.
 Grimwood, Mrs. Wm.
 Gross, John
 Gray, Mrs. W. C.

Harnden, K.
 Hale, A. J.
 Havens, H.
 Havens, Mrs. H.
 Havens, W. J.
 Havens, Bennett
 Hawk, David
 Hawk, Mrs. David
 Hawk, Mrs. George
 Haff, Elisha
 Harris, John

Harris, Mrs. Wm.
 Hetrick, Mrs. David
 Hite, Samuel
 Hite, Mrs. Samuel
 Hielt, George
 Hoehn, Hannah M.
 Hollinger, J. A.
 House, Mrs. H. H.
 Hollinshead, Wm. C.
 Hollinshead, Mrs. Margaret
 Hoffman, Mrs. Jacob
 Hufford, Mrs. Geo. J.
 Hunt, Mrs. Jennie
 Huss, C. R.
 Jacobs, Wm.
 Jackson, Wm.
 Jackson, Mrs. Wm.

Keating, C. S.
 Keating, Mrs. C. S.
 Kenan, G. W.
 Kline, Andrew
 Klotz, Philip
 Koons, John
 Koons, Mrs. John
 Koons, Miss Eva
 Kramb, H. J.
 Kramb, Mrs. H. J.
 Klinger, J. H.

Lattig, Maria
 Luckey, John
 Luckey, Mrs. J.
 Long, Mrs. Zoe A.

Meek, Basil
 Miller, H. W.
 McIntyre, Mrs. M. J.
 Mourer, J. J.
 Muchmore, Mrs. E. H.
 Myers, John H.
 Myers, John
 Moyer, Caroline
 McKeever, Mrs. Jane

Nickles, Mrs. Sarah

Oberst, Mrs. Anna
 Overmyer, Mrs. Flora

Parks, W. G.
 Parks, Mrs. W. G.
 Palmer, J. W.
 Perkins, Mrs. A. W.

Raudabaugh, Rev. S. H.
 Reed, Mrs. Barbara
 Reese, T. G.
 Rife, Mrs. John
 Russell, J. N.
 Rinehart, Mrs. G.
 Rimmelspach, J.

Schneider, Chr.
 Scrimger, Mrs. M.
 Sevits, Mrs. Jos.
 Sherer, Nathan
 Snyder, Jacob
 Sting, Mrs. Emma
 Sting, Jacob
 Short, J. W.
 Shell, Mrs. A.
 Slaymaker, R. H.
 Stark, Mary
 Streeter, Mrs. Albert
 Schneider, Mrs. Sophia
 Shutts, John
 Shultz, Mrs. Anna

Tucker, N. R.
 Tucker, Mrs. N. R.
 Tucker, H. H.
 Tucker, Mrs. H. H.
 Thraves, Mrs. T.
 Tolles, Mrs. Mary A.

Waggoner, Mrs. A. E.
 Weaver, Mrs. C. R.
 Wolfe, A. J.
 Wolfe, Mrs. Jessiah
 Warner, Daniel
 Warner, Mrs. D.
 Walters, A. R.
 West, H. H.
 West, Mrs. H. H.
 Willey, Richard
 Willey, Mrs. Harriet
 Wilson, Mrs. Sarah

Zuel, Mrs. Dora

This distribution of bouquets next took place, Mrs. Marie Lattig receiving the first prize, a handsome bunch of flowers for being the oldest lady in the county, 93 years of age. Mrs. Lydia Dollison received the second prize, a beautiful bouquet from Mrs. J. L. Winters, for being second oldest, 84 years of age.

Charles Brush was also awarded a beautiful bouquet from Mrs. Joseph Esch for being the oldest gentleman in the county. Mrs. George McGormley was also the recipient of a pretty bouquet, president Dr. J. W. Wilson three bouquets and vice president I. H. Burgoon four bouquets.

The committee on resolutions reported:

Resolved, That the thanks of the pioneers present be and are hereby

expressed to the managers of the Buckland Guards for the use of their hall, to Mr. and Mrs. Bower for their kindness in providing tables, dishes and other conveniences, to the speakers, readers, singers, musicians, and all others whose able and kindly services contributed to make this one of the most interesting meetings ever held by the association.

Resolved, That the pioneers present deeply regret the inability of Dr. J.

W. Wilson, their venerable and respected president, to be present, and tender their best wishes for his restoration to health, and that he may be spared many years of life and happiness.

B. Meek,
A. Dunham,
Geo. Chambers.

The reunion closed with a general hand-shaking and social conversation.

The Sandusky County, Ohio, Pioneer and Historical Association

Proceedings of Thirty-first Annual Reunion

Held at Fremont, September 3rd, 1903

The thirty-first annual reunion and picnic of the Sandusky County Pioneer and Historical Society was held on Thursday, September 3d, 1903, at the Buckland Guard's Armory.

It was after 10 o'clock when the meeting was called to order by I. H. Burgoon, vice president of the association.

Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. W. A. Bowman, chaplain of the association. He announced "Coronation," which was sung in part by the audience, after which he offered prayer, and the last two verses of the hymn were sung.

The chairman brought greetings from the president of the association, Dr. J. W. Wilson, who could not be present on account of the infirmities of age, and then gave a sketch of a former merchant of Lower Sandusky, Jesse S. Olmstead, whose likeness appears on the official badges of 1903.

He was married in 1821, to Miss Azuba Ferguson, and their marriage license was the second one issued here after the organization of the county.

Mr. Robert Luckey, one of the pioneers of this region, being called on, said that his father moved from this place to the Portage river in the early twenties, when there were but six families of white people settled between the Sandusky and Maumee rivers, and when the only frame house between Lower Sandusky and Perrysburg was at the point now known as the Four Mile House. The United States mail was then carried

overland by footmen between Cleveland and Detroit, and Jeremiah Everett, the father of our late townsman, Hon. Homer Everett, was one of the carriers.

Rev. Bowman, at request of the chair, read the following sketch of Mrs. Dollison, who is 84 years of age and was present at the meeting.

Mrs. Lydia Beardsley Dollison.

Mrs. Lydia Beardsley Dollison, the subject of this sketch, has descended through seven generations from William Beardsley, who settled in New England in the year 1635.

William Beardsley was intimately associated with the religious, social and political formation of the Colony of Connecticut, and as Deputy for the General Court, or Legislature, for eight terms between 1645 and 1658, was no common factor in the early history of the Colonies from which this great Nation has grown.

John Odel Beardsley, Mrs. Dollison's father, was a sturdy New England farmer, who as a neighbor, selectman of his town and in the Legislature of his state, commanded the love and confidence of all classes. He raised a family of nine children in the old home where his grandfather, Nehemiah Beardsley, enlisted early in the Revolutionary cause, and was promoted colonel of the 16th Connecticut Regiment, February, 1778.

Lydia was the sixth child of the family, and before she was eighteen years of age married Asher Beards-

ley, her fifth cousin, who was also a descendent of William Beardsley. Soon they, with others of the family, moved west and settled at what is now known as Catawba Island, near Port Clinton, Ottawa county, and she has made Ohio her home most of the time for sixty-six years. She was the mother of three children, the first, Moss White Beardsley, a mechanical engineer, now superintendent of mining and milling properties in Arizona. The second, Charity White Beardsley, who died in childhood, and the third, Emma Mariah Beardsley, who married Jacob Sting.

The early years of their frontier life were beset with many discouraging conditions and thrilling incidents.

Sometimes for weeks horses were in readiness to flee whenever a signal should be given by an Indian trapper and hunter named John King, to Port Clinton, the nearest place of safety.

In 1856 Asher Beardsley died, leaving a widow to struggle alone with two children. Discouraged and disappointed, she returned to the old home of her childhood, and in 1863 moved again to Fremont, Ohio, and in 1868 was married to Daniel Dollison, of Ballville, and lived at his old home until he died, in 1878. Soon after she sold the home and moved to Bradner, Wood county, Ohio, and in a short time returned to Fremont, where she has made her home since. known and loved by a great number of friends, young and old.

This good old lady was born on October 2, 1819, and if she lives until her next birthday she will be eighty-four years old, and may justly be considered one of the deserving pioneers of the grand old Buckeye state, that has furnished so many noble and illustrious leaders in the last fifty years.

Afternoon.

The attendance in the hall after dinner was the largest in the history of the society, and the crowd waited impatiently for the exercises to begin.

Mr. L. M. VanHorn next read a sketch of

Bennett Havens.

In the year 1822, father and his mother (at that time a widow) and

two of her daughters and their husbands, loaded all of their worldly effects into a wagon, hitched on a yoke of oxen, and left Columbus, Ohio, bound for the Portage river. On arriving at Lower Sandusky, they found there was no road leading to the Portage river, and after deliberating for some time, concluded that they would make a road of their own. There was a trail running from Lower Sandusky to Perrysburg, that footmen occasionally travelled, and they followed this trail as near as practicable, till they crossed Sugar Creek, then followed down Sugar Creek until within about two miles of where Elmore is now located, then going nearly on, directly north to the Portage river. They were one week clearing out a road, sufficient to get through with team and wagon. At that time there were but six families, including father and his two brothers-in-law, on the Portage river, from where Woodville now stands to Lake Erie.

I was born in the dense wilderness, October, A. D., 1828, in what is now Harris Township, Ottawa County, and had to endure many privations and hardships, and will try and enumerate some I well remember.

The general way of making the first bread was to take the corn in the roasting ear, husk it, or as much as we thought would make a meal, put it in a kettle, pour hot water over it and boil until it was tender. Corn was then taken out of the water, allowed to cool, cut off the cob, and put in a mixture that made a fine bread. When corn got too hard to boil, it was grated into coarse meal, enough water put to it to make a stiff batter, and put in what we termed a Dutch oven. Ofttimes the corn was boiled in strong lye until the hull would wash off, boiled in water until tender and used in different ways. All these substitutes took much time and a great deal of patience, and it is no wonder our old Buckeye mothers were so very patient.

How to get our clothing was the next grave question that stared us square in the face. For summer clothing we would raise flax. This was prepared for spinning and our mothers and big sisters would spin it on a small tread wheel. It was then

taken to some one who had a loom and woven into cloth, and this cloth brought home, made into such garments as were needed, and we boys of course, could figure on a new pair of linen pants or trousers as we called them, which oftentimes had to be worn until late in the fall, sometimes till winter had fairly set in. I can well recollect how it felt on a cold morning to get up out of a warm bed and put on a pair of linen pants. It made a fellow think he had jumping toothache or something worse.

Every one would try and raise sheep enough to make their winter clothing. After the sheep were shorn, the women generally prepared the wool for spinning. It was all picked over by hand to remove all burns and other foreign matter, then carded into small rolls by hand with cards similar to the card used at present to curry horses. The spinning was mostly done by our big sisters on a wheel similar to the one that the flax was spun on, only much larger, and was turned by hand instead of treading, then the weaving, the coloring with butternut and walnut bark, and last of all the making, which was done by hand. Our stockings, socks and mittens were knit by hand, and underwear was an unheard of thing.

Nearly everyone went barefoot from the time the frost was out of the ground until ice formed on the river.

After the county began to settle, five or six neighbors would shell six or eight bushels of corn apiece, put it in the best wagon available, hitch on a yoke of oxen, and two able bodied men would start for Green Creek, the nearest mill, some twenty or thirty miles distant. If everything was favorable, they would make the trip in one week. When they got stuck in the mud, they helped one another carry the load to dry ground and pry up the wagon, so the team could get the wagon on solid footing, then they would load up again and go ahead. If there happened to come a big rain and swell the small streams, so that in crossing the water was likely to wet the grain in the wagon, they would look along the stream until they found a large tree standing near the creek that was long enough to reach across,

fell it, cut a track to where the tree was, carry the grain to the other side of the creek, swim the oxen across, dry the wagon, load up and go ahead. Sometimes they would be two weeks making the trip, which was generally made in the fall of the year, after the frost had killed the mosquitoes, as they were numerous enough to eat up the men, oxen, wagon and all.

Generally our parents would teach us to read, which was a very slow process, as our parents had about all they could do to keep the wolf from the door. After we had a settlement of about ten families, they built a school house, and by "clubbing" together, generally had money enough to have about three months school during the winter, by having the teacher board around. We used to have great debates in that old log school house and had spelling school two or three times a week, and would walk three and four miles to attend, and think nothing of it. Would just whisper it here, that sometimes we walked six or eight miles to spelling school, for the girls took it as an insult if the boys did not ask them to go with them, and it was no hardship those days to walk miles with some girl, dressed in her linsey worsted finery (?).

Yes, our pioneer girl in her linsey worsted gown. What girl ever compared with her, with her natural curves and no high heeled shoes to pitch her forward, with a carriage as though she were walking on stilts; her natural complexion like roses and lilies, and her hair combed as nature intended it should be, and not puffed up and out like porcupine quills.

When we pioneer boys went to "spark" Sally Ann, Mary Jane or one of our pioneer girls, we sat in the old pioneer kitchen. In front of us was the family fireplace, while from the rafters hung the dried herbs, corn and other decorations. Two or three younger children peeped in at the window, taking turns to watch you and the father asked you questions as to the growing crop, and the mother asked about the garden and your mother's chickens, while you cast "sheep eyes" at Sally Ann, busy with keeping the baby of

the house quiet. After perhaps hours to you, the old folks would leave with the children, and with nature's musical entertainment going on outside, the howling of the wolves, croaking of the frogs, hooting of the owls, buzzing of the mosquitoes, etc., you would be free to "spark" Sally Ann.

So the pioneer girl was wooed and won, without the aid of a diamond ring to bind the bargain.

Recollections by Harriet A. Hulburt.

I was born in Lower Sandusky, Jan., 1825.

My father, Cyrus Hulburt, had erected a house on the site at present occupied by the old Ralph Buckland block, with the intention of opening a public house or tavern, as they were then called, which was unfinished at the time of his death, October, 1828.

Among my earliest recollections is that of the presence of the Indians, who in the early days were quite friendly. So accustomed was I to their presence that I never entertained any fear of them.

One Indian named Peter Shins, I remember used to come to the house for cold victuals; used also to take me on his lap and was very kind to me. His apparent fondness was probably intended to curry favor with the mother.

Do not remember the names of the tribes that were there at that time, probably some of the Neutral tribes.

Also I remember being taken to a show, menagerie and circus combined; tent pitched on Main street near the bridge, said to have been the first exhibition of the kind in this country.

A neighbor, Mrs. Hull, had a little girl near my age and size; we were between four and five years old; we were dressed alike—turkey red calico dresses, open turcan bonnets and red morocco shoes. Ami Hull took us in charge. On arriving at the tent the doorkeeper asked of him, "Twins?" "Yes," he replied. "Then you can go in for nothing," said he, "and we did." I remember but little of the show, only the elephant and the

monkeys. Neither can I recall the look of my twin.

About this time I began to go to school in the old log school house on the hill.

The teacher at that time was Edson Goit, whose home I think was in Findlay. He afterward taught in Tiffin, subsequently removed to Bowling Green, Wood county, where he resided until his decease.

In 1828 or '29 I recollect that one room of our house was occupied as a printing office. The paper published there had a long high sounding title which I fail to recall.

At that time there were three physicians in Lower Sandusky, Dr. Daniel Brainard, Dr. Anderson and Dr. L. Q. Rawson. There were several stores in the village; Richard Sears occupied the building opposite us on Main street. All the stores were general supply stores. Mr. Sears was succeeded by a Mr. Gibbs, who remained but a short time, then removed to Norwalk.

The place was next occupied by Jacques Hulburt, a brother of my father's, who later removed to another location; later still Mr. Pierce was in partnership with him. Jacques Hulburt died in 1835.

Sardis Birchard came to Lower Sandusky in 1827; was also in the mercantile business at that time.

If I mistake not his first partner was Rodolphus Dickinson. Later the business was continued under the firm name of Birchard & Husted, still later Birchard, Dickinson & Grant. The latter, George Grant, was a member of firm at the time of his decease in 1841. They dealt quite largely in skins and furs, brought mostly by the French men from the bay shore.

Mr. Birchard passed from among us in 1874, having spent a long and useful life, beloved and regretted by all.

Jesse Olmstead had a store on State street, continued in the business in the same location until his death; also as I remember was postmaster.

Somewhat later the Tyler Bros., Capt. Morris and John Tyler engaged in the same business; also F. I. Norton, James Magee and Dr. Augustus Brown were in the ranks.

Morris Tyler was captain of the Steamer Ohio, which made weekly trips between Detroit and Buffalo, stopping at intervening ports.

The Steamer Jack Downing plied between Portland, (now Sandusky,) making daily trips.

Several schooners were built and owned by the citizens and used as freight boats in the lake traffic, one of which was named Wyandotte.

There were four taverns, one kept by Mr. ——— Roberts, father of O. A. Roberts of this city; one by Mr. Hinton, who was afterwards agent for the Ohio Stage company; the third by Elisha Smith, my step-father, who removed from Fort Ball, since included in the city of Tiffin, finished and kept the house afterwards known as the Western House. Later sold out to Mr. Jas. Valette. Died in 1834.

There was no settled minister of the gospel in Lower Sandusky in the early days. Thos. Hawkins, a local preacher, conducted services with good results.

The first ordained minister in the county was Rev. James Montgomery. I remember attending meeting at his home in the country, but where situated I cannot tell.

I do not recollect the first Methodist minister who preached to the people of Lower Sandusky, but the first Presbyterian minister to hold stated services was the Rev. Flavel Conger, who in 1834 and '35 came once in two weeks from Norwalk, was entertained at the home of my uncle, Jacques Hulburd. As I remember, the services were held in an upper room of a house on the east side of the river.

Mr. Conger had several sons, some of whom are men of note in Ohio. One of his sons, Edwin H. Conger, is our present minister to China.

Although there were no theatres nor opera houses in those days, the early settlers were not without their amusements. The ladies had their quilting bees and tea parties, as for the amusement indulged in by the male sex, I am not qualified to state. I have seen them pitching quoits, a noble old Roman game, which perhaps may have been as profitable to the men, as the cutting of calico and piecing together, was to the women.

There were amusements in which both sexes might indulge.

Sleighing in winter was keenly enjoyed, although obliged to utilize an oxsled, as I have been informed they sometimes did.

There were no carriages in those early days; people traveled on horseback or in the old-fashioned stage coach, at that time esteemed a luxury and really a luxury not to be despised, as there was usually one or more coaches in reserve at the stage-house.

The people of the place used to employ a stage coach for pleasure parties, the same was also used for funerals, the corpse being carried on a bier.

General Training Day, when the militia of that section assembled for drill and parade, was deemed an important event, which, inspiring as it undoubtedly was with its accompaniment of martial music, I will not attempt to describe.

Independence Day was celebrated in like manner. One feature of the day not to be slighted was the dinner. Usually it was served under a bower of branches, decorated with wild roses and eglantines from the woods.

The principal dish on this occasion, the one occupying the post of honor, being roast pig, accompanied by vegetables, pies and cakes, presented an appetizing array, was probably enjoyed with zest. There were no toy pistols nor cannons, but fire crackers were in evidence. Also Old Betsey was wont to raise her voice in honor of the occasion.

I am aware that this is but a meager sketch and hope the friends will be sparing of criticism when informed that I was not ten years old in 1835, when I left my old home and birth place, Lower Sandusky, to make my home elsewhere. The people referred to lived here previous to 1835, and the incidents mentioned occurred before that date.

Mr. Burgoon also read a sketch prepared by Mrs. Mary Basore Coe, familiarly known as

“Aunt Polly.”

My father's name was Henry

Basore, and both he and my mother, whose name before her marriage was Sarah Clinger, emigrated to Perry county, from Pennsylvania, about 1816. Two years after they had arrived in Perry county about 1818, they were married, I being born in the same county in 1824. Including myself, there were ten children in our family, five boys and five girls.

In 1830, when I was about six years old, we came to this county. My father bought property from John Macklin, consisting of about three hundred acres and situated about two miles distant from where Helena, now stands.

I spent my girlhood days on this farm. The woods about our log cabin were infested with great numbers of wild animals. Wild turkeys and deer were plentiful but there seemed to us to be more wolves than anything else. We could hear their howls in the surrounding forests all night long and I can remember that as a child I stood in great terror of them.

Our house was on or intersected what was known at that time as the Tawa trail, which ran from Upper Sandusky to Detroit. I have also heard it spoken of as the Harrison trail. Our house seemed to be the stopping place of a great many Indians. I can remember very distinctly of the great number of roving bands which came there and how the Indians would frequently sleep in my father's kitchen, father and mother being very kind to them.

I think that nothing else was more vividly impressed on my mind, among the many exciting incidents which were a part of our daily life, than that of a visit which we received late one evening from two girls, one an Indian and the other a white. The white girl was very beautiful and was clothed identically the same in every respect as was the Indian girl. Her skin, however, was as white as mine. She seemed to be contented with her position and was in no way kept a captive. The following day we received a visit from a band of Indians of whom the two girls were evidently a part, being allowed to proceed ahead of the rest. I never discovered who or what the white girl was. To all intents and purposes, she had become

as much of an Indian in her mode of living as her companion.

I can remember as our neighbors at that time, the Baughmans, the Spoons, Garns, Ripleys, Posies, Klutz, the Foughts, Havens and the Kings.

When I was about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, I commenced to live with Samuel Crowell and was at the Crowells' for about a year and a half. Samuel Crowell, at that time, lived about two miles and a half west of Lower Sandusky. After this period, I lived at the house of a Lutheran preacher, whose name was Frederick Rahouser, who lived about five miles northwest of Lower Sandusky. At the age of seventeen I was married from this preacher's house, to Jesse Coe. We began keeping house on what is known as the old Coe farm, where we raised a family of ten children, five boys and five girls. My father and mother were buried in the Vernon graveyard, south of Helena. My husband died in 1867. Since that time I have lived at our old homestead and with my children.

Rev. D. H. Bailey, pastor of the M. E. church, gave a very interesting talk in the ten minutes allotted him under the restriction that he confine himself strictly to pioneer matters. His theme was "The Old Fire-Place," and he gave it credit beyond that of the "Old Arm Chair." He said that he could lay no claim to being a pioneer except that he was born in a log house that had an old fashioned fire-place. He claimed that he knew of no greater subject for the brush of the painter, the eloquence of the orator, or the theme of the poet than "The Old Fire-Place." He then went on to describe in detail the construction of the fire-place and the manner of cooking and baking in pots, kettles and skillets by our venerable grandmothers in those pioneer days. Then with a happy retrospect he showed that the fire-place not only served as a source of warmth and light, in those days when there were no stoves, and only candle dips and slut lamps, but it attracted to its genial presence many a social circle which developed the art of story telling and cultivated those sterling traits of character in youth which led

to the formation of heroes and statesmen. The living room graced with the old fire-place was a veritable hive of industry for the whole family in which children and parents vied with each other in useful and necessary headwork and handiwork, thus giving Satan no chance to find mischief for idle hands to do.

"The Old Kentucky Home" was then aptly and appropriately sung by the male quartette in a pleasing manner.

Sketch by George Ohlinger.

I came with my parents to Sandusky county in the fall of 1842, being ten years of age. My father, Daniel Ohlinger, bought 80 acres of land on Big Mud Creek, in Rice township. It was all woods, and we moved onto the same in February, 1843. He bought this land of Austin B. Taylor, who was one of the prominent business men of Lower Sandusky at that time. He was the father of the late Dr. Taylor. No clearing was in sight, from where our log cabin stood. Our view was hemmed in by the blue sky above and the thick woods around us. The snow was deep, the winter long and very cold. Our cabin, as yet, had no window and the doorway was closed by tacking a quilt over it. The cracks in the walls were chinked but not plastered. We had no fire-place. A small cook-stove was all we had to warm up by. But we had the best of wood to burn for fuel, beech, maple, white-ash, and shellbark hickory, all around us in profusion right by handy within carrying distance. The dense woods shielded us from the cold winds without, and we suffered very little from the cold. The apertures between the logs in our hut afforded plenty ventilation. February passed, March came, still the snow and cold continued. Deer came to browse where father had chopped, he said they were too poor too kill for venison, so they were left unmolested.

April came and on Town meeting day there was still enough snow for sleighing. On the 5th day of May we commenced logging and clearing off a spot for a garden, right on the bank

of the creek. At this time there were still strips of snow on the north side of the logs. This was a little more than sixty years ago.

The settlers we found here then all lived along the creek with us, on the north side of the creek only two families were located, Wm. Siegenthaler and Michael Yeagle. Siegenthaler was a small spare man, his chief peculiarity was a love for jesting and he never felt better than while indulging this trait. Yeagle was a tall, slim man, slow and deliberate in movement and speech. He kept a sharp ringed broad-axe, and could split a chalk line at every blow, and could hew a sleeper or beam as straight as a bee line. He took part in the affairs of the township, he served at various times as constable, trustee and assessor. Davie Ohlinger, my father, was below the middle stature, dark complexion, dark, curly hair. He was sociable, of rare good nature and never harbored a grudge against anyone. He was soon favorably known all over the township, and was very popular. He was elected justice of the peace, serving in that capacity five consecutive terms. He also served many terms as township assessor. His education was limited, yet with most people, at that time was considered quite good, and at the urgent solicitation of friends and school boards, taught school a number of terms both in Mud Creek and in the Longenbach and Reineck districts. David Druckenmiller, Peter Hetrick and Adam Krelick, were really the pioneers or first settlers there. David Druckenmiller was a tall man about six feet in height, of fine form, lithe and graceful movement, fluent and earnest in speech. He was good company and his visits at our lonely cabin always brought cheer and comfort. He was public spirited, and at different times served on the board of trustees. Peter Hetrick was a man of middle stature, of quiet and sober mind, a model of industry, order and neatness. Nowhere would you find straighter fences and cleaner and better crops than on his farm. Adam Krelick was above the middle size, lean, but sinewy, of quick nervous movement, rapid and earnest in speech. Fifty cents per day was the

current price for labor which was chiefly chopping, splitting rails, and logging.

All the settlers thus far mentioned were Pennsylvania Dutch, and natives of that State. The Gahns—Conrad and John—were of German birth, they were frugal and industrious, traits common to their nationality. They kept pace with the other pioneers around them in clearing up the country and making improvements.

Conrad Gahn was of large size, and herculean strength. Great feats of strength at raisings and loggings were related of him.

Time goes on over the little wood bordered community. The results of labor are shown in the progress of each new home, in the thrift and comfort of each pleasant estate. A few more families from time to time join the settlement, a few more clearings light up the area, a few more homes and joys. All these pioneers raised large families. Could our noble President have seen the number of healthy and happy children that graced each home, it certainly would have called forth his most hearty approbation. We sometimes had chopping bees; but the most enjoyable and popular of gatherings was the husking bee. All were invited, the young boys and girls would attend. The husking would be in the afternoon and frequently when there was moonshine, it would be continued till nine or ten o'clock in the evening. Then old times were talked over, personal histories rehearsed, incidents of the hunt, etc., were related, while the glistening corn rose in piles before them. After refreshments the young people would have a play and the old people exchanged good wishes, all went their ways feeling happier for the reunion of neighborly hearts.

From them we learned to take muscle and might from nature, round out our lives, shift for ourselves, and feel for our neighbors. We learned things that cannot be found in books. Books have great value, they increase the pleasures of our vocation, they sweeten our leisure hours, keep us from temptations, and gladden our old age, but a large and wise experience is better.

Hollinshead Pioneer Sketch.

(Dictated by Wm. C. Hollinshead, of Port Clinton, Ohio, June 30, 1903, to J. Burgner.)

Mr. President and Pioneers:—It gives me pleasure to meet with you again at this annual reunion and picnic, and to do what I can to make it a success. Though not now a resident of Sandusky county, I claim to be one of the early pioneers of the county when it included the territory now known as Ottawa county. At request of your corresponding secretary, I give you a few items of personal history relating to pioneer days.

My father, Samuel Hollinshead, was born in Huntingdon county, Pa., where he grew to manhood. At the age of about twenty-two years he became a soldier in the war of 1812, in Company A, Captain Morrison, and his father was in the same regiment, under Colonel Reece Hill.

Samuel Hollinshead came to Sandusky county in 1819, in company with Thomas Holcomb, from Newark, Ohio, and settled in Lower Sandusky. Here he found plenty of work as gunsmith, and most of his work was done for the Indians. His shop stood near the present site of Dr. Price's sash factory, in Fremont. In 1824 he moved to the mouth of the Portage river, west of Port Clinton. His farm lies on the south side of the river, and his house and shop stood on the banks of the river near the water. The buildings are now all gone and the foundations on which they stood have been partly washed away by the encroachments of the river. Here Mr. Hollinshead and his family lived many years, and many social and historical events occurred. During the first few years the Hollinsheads had Tawa or Ottawa Indians for neighbors. These were called "Nitches" by the whites. They had no cabins, but lived in tents, which they moved from place to place. When not under the influence of whiskey, they were friendly, honest and truthful, as a rule. When told of some wrong done by an Indian, they would say, "Bad Indian did that—good Indian all right." Money was not so plentiful then as now, and much of the dealings with the Indians was by barter or exchange. Among the

articles sold to the Indians were flour, salt, potatoes, cornmeal, beads, powder and whiskey; and articles bought from them were venison, willow and splint baskets, nicely colored, moc-casins trimmed with bead-work, wampum, or small sea shells used as beads and worn on belts and other articles as ornaments. These beads were also used as money by the Indians. They furnished hides and jerked beef to the traders, usually for cash. One could never buy a fore-quarter of a deer from an Indian, for they preferred to use it themselves, but they sold hind-quarters for two shillings apiece, (or its equivalent—twenty-five cents). They never killed more game than they needed, and were economical in cooking, boiling the bones for soup when fresh. If they had food left that would perish, they divided with the whites freely.

On one occasion Mr. Hollinshead came in from the field and found five drunken Indians at his cabin. His wife was cooking at the fire outside the cabin by a log. The Indians had been threatening to steal her babe which she held in her arms. Mr. Hollinshead ordered them away, where-upon one of them drew a butcher knife and advanced to meet him, flourishing the knife and making threats. Mr. Hollinshead quickly seized a pair of fire tongs and struck the Indian a glancing blow on the head, which almost completely scalped him, the scalp hanging down over the left ear. This Indian immediately retired from the engagement, but his comrades pounced upon Mr. Hollinshead, and a rough and tumble fight ensued, in which the Indians came out second best. During the fight Mrs. Hollinshead had come to the rescue of her husband, and the red-skins were driven away with a rifle brought from the cabin.

While working at his trade as gun-smith, Mr. Hollinshead found time to clear away the forest for the raising of farm crops and garden vegetables. As there was an abundance of wild grass on a prairie near by, he, by wise foresight, bought calves of his neighbors, pastured them, and sold them later at a profit. One night his dwelling house and shop burned down with their contents. This

seemed a serious loss, for his tools alone were worth about four hundred dollars. He decided not to replace them, but instead to give up gun-smithing and follow farming exclusively, which under the circumstances was the wiser course, as the Indians were about going away and civilization was advancing.

After a good crop of wheat, rye or corn had been raised, the next thing was to have it ground in a mill. The lack of grist mills was a serious inconvenience to the early settlers. Our people and their neighbors about the mouth of the Portage river were obliged to go many miles to Lower Sandusky or to Cold Creek, now Castalia, to the mill. Mr. J. L. Lucky, of Elmore, at one time spent three weeks in going to and returning from the mill at Lower Sandusky, a distance of thirty-two miles. He had reached Lower Sandusky by way of Port Clinton, hauled his canoe and corn across the peninsula in a wagon to Sandusky Bay, then reloaded his corn into the canoe and paddled his way up the Sandusky river, and after waiting his turn for grinding, returned in a similar manner, making two transfers or portages of his precious baggage.

The canoes used for transporting grain in this manner were mostly dug-outs, or canoes cut out of large logs of yellow poplar, three feet or more in diameter, and sometimes twenty feet in length, and capable of carrying 20 bushels of wheat, or 3-4 of a ton.

In the summer of 1834 the cholera broke out in Lower Sandusky, and nearly all the citizens who could do so left the village. Among those who came for refuge to the Hollinshead home at Port Clinton, were: Mrs. Rodolphus Dickinson and family, Miss Julia Beauprand accompanied by her mother and younger sister, Helen, and brother, James; Mrs. Statira Grant, and others. A Mrs. Mommery who came with them and went to stay at Port Clinton, died there of cholera, the only case that proved fatal of that company. These ladies were brought down the river in a wagon and remained about three weeks, their mail and groceries and medicines meanwhile, being brought

to them from Lower Sandusky by Mr. Hollinshead, who made regular trips for that purpose. Dr. L. Q. Rawson and his assistant, Dr. P. Beaugrand, then his student, served as family doctors for the company. One time as Mr. Hollinshead was leaving Lower Sandusky with a load of these supplies for his home hospital, he was asked by a man who lived along the road to stop in the yard of the house and take a smoke. He thanked the man, but declined accepting the hospitality, as he was in a hurry to return to Port Clinton. He learned later that this same man died of cholera that same night. Such were some of the perils of the early pioneers.

Resuming our personal sketch of Mr. Samuel Hollinshead, would state that he married Miss Mary Whitmyer at Lower Sandusky, on January 15, 1822, by whom he had eleven children: John, Elizabeth, Martin, William C., James, Robert M., Statira G., Josephine, Samuel W., J. L., and George.

Samuel Hollinshead died February 28, 1875, at his home, at the age of 85 years, and was buried at the Shook cemetery, on the Peninsula, north of Port Clinton.

Jonas Smith.

Among the earliest settlers of the central part of Ballville township was Jonas Smith. He was born in Seneca county, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1807, a son of Mr. Stephen Smith. He married Feb. 19, 1829, Miss Mary Gilmore, daughter of James and Elizabeth (Bailey) Gilmore, in Pennsylvania.

On the 6th day of June, 1833, he came to Lower Sandusky, on his way to Fort Seneca, to locate a home for himself and family. On the 22nd of June he entered a tract of government land, since known as the Slope place. On this he built a log cabin and moved into it on the 9th of July. Here the family lived and shared the usual hardships of pioneer life for 15 years. In the fall of 1847 they moved upon the southeast quarter of Section 10, Ballville township, where they established a permanent home.

Among their first neighbors were the families of John Dawson, Peter Strohl, and Henry Robinson. A plank road passed their home a few years later.

When they first came to Ballville township there were only two school districts, the Babione and the Tindall, on opposite sides of the Sandusky river. The first teacher in the Babione district was Miss Harriet Mudge, daughter of Richard Mudge, and sister of G. F. Mudge, Esq., both residents of the township. She taught two or three terms, (subscript school), and later married Mr. Jacob Lemon.

The first religious services held in the township were conducted by a Methodist minister, Rev. Pietzel. Mr. Smith became a member of his little pioneer society, and served several years as class leader. Meetings were held in private houses, school houses, and in the summer time in the woods in the shade of forest trees.

A new Lutheran minister, named Livingood, had his home with the family of Mr. Smith, held meetings, and formed a society which prospered for a few years, but disbanded after he went away.

Jonas Smith was county commissioner when they built the first court house at Lower Sandusky, and he helped select the site. The old building was used later as a parsonage by Rev. Henry Lang, of the Lutheran church. Mr. Smith had previously been elected justice of the peace in Ballville township in 1835, and held the office 19 years. He served as commissioner six years and as sheriff four years.

When Mr. Smith first began to serve as justice, it was lawful to put a man to prison for nonpayment of a debt. He issued some executions which read, "If no property is found, take the body of defendant." But the defendant usually planned some compromise to keep out of jail. During the first ten or twelve years there were no jury trials held before a justice of the peace. He thinks people were more honest in pioneer days than later. He never had the collection of a forged note.

During the first years of his

pioneer life, Mr. Smith said he never rode a horse to mill, for the reason that he hadn't any. He drove oxen. He sometimes went to mill at Venice, taking two or three days to make the trip. The roads were so bad at times that he had to let his oxen stop to rest every ten rods.

The dense forests shaded the ground so that water did not run off or evaporate, and there were miry swales where the water stood all the year round, where now, since the country is ditched and underdrained, there is solid ground, and one would not suppose a swale ever existed. Sometimes the water of a swale was dammed back by a large log two or three feet thick, the removal of which would almost drain the swale. Mr. Smith sometimes cut down trees in the woods in a line with the path on which the children went to school so that they could walk the logs and keep out of water.

Mr. Smith remembered the building of Stems' and Hedges' mills, near Green Spring, and he sometimes patronized the Parmeter mill two miles north of the Springs.

He was here when there was but one brick house in Lower Sandusky. That was the old Beaugrand house, where later Jacob Strohl had a "tinker shop," for the repair of guns; and stood near where the Wheeling & Lake Erie depot now stands.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith celebrated their golden wedding, Feb. 19, 1879, 24 years ago, and during this period of their married life, 52 years, death had never visited their family. Their children all became heads of families. Their two sons, James N., Stephen S., are residents of Mich., also a daughter, Martha J. Frary; Mrs. Ann Maurer lives at Springfield, Mo., Mrs. Hannah Brunthaver died in Ballville township, and Mrs. Emma Hampshire is now a resident of Fremont, O.

Pioneer Recollections.

[Dictated to J. Burgner by Hugh Bolen, Fremont, Ohio.]

Hugh Bolen, Sr., the father of James Bolen, was born in Perry county, Ohio, in 1794, when there were two Indians to every white per-

son in that region. He often played familiarly with the young Indians and learned to talk their language fluently. At the age of eighteen years he went as a substitute for his uncle, James McCormick, to serve as an American soldier in the war of 1812. He served till the close of the war. He was one of the first to strike a lick to build Fort Meigs at Perrysburg.

In the year 1835, Mr. Hugh Bolen, Sr., and family removed to Sandusky county, Ohio, at the time when the county was still occupied by several tribes of Indians, the Senecas and the Wyandottes. These Indians were always friendly to him and respected him very highly because he could speak their language and adapt himself to their customs. The Indians have very retentive memories, and they seldom forgive injuries or forget benefits. His kindness had won them.

All those who came to settle on government land to make a home for their families came in caravans of ten or fifteen wagons in a company, using one and two-horse wagons which carried their families and children, their bedding, their provisions, their cooking utensils and their farming tools. Once in a while there would be an ox team, slow but sure. The stage coaches were drawn by four spirited horses—none others were used—averaging in weight about 1,100 pounds each. The teams were changed usually about every ten or twelve miles, when the roads were bad. Relays of fresh horses were kept at the various stations along the pike. These coaches carried mail. The landlord at the stage stations was also postmaster. Those who received the mail or sent it away paid him the postage in money, as there were then no postage stamps. The postage on letters was usually five cents, but varied according to distance. No envelopes were used, but the large sheets of foolscap were carefully folded and stuck together, and sealed with red wax wafers or sealing wax. The wafers were a bright red, and about the size of a dime, or the old shilling then in use, now obsolete. One coach seldom carried more than a dozen letters at

a time, and oftener less. The trip from Bellevue to Perrysburg, 47 miles, was usually made in ten hours. When a stage got within eighty rods of a station the driver would blow his tin horn to notify the hostler at the hotel barn to have his four-horse team of fresh horses hooked together and ready to be hitched to the stage without delay, so that the driver would not be obliged to get out of his seat or bout. Sometimes when there was much travel a team had to make two stations before a change. No one rode for pleasure in those days, as it cost too much, and money was scarce. The fare from Cleveland to Detroit, about 200 miles, was \$15.50, or about 8 cents per mile. Before the pike was macadamized the fare was 10 or 12 cents a mile through the Black Swamp. In 1843 the regular fare was 8 cents per mile. In 1853, when the Toledo & Norwalk railway trains began running, the taverns along the pike were abandoned, as very few emigrants then traveled by wagon roads.

Indian Burial Place.

At the northeast corner of Sandusky Ave. and Pine street, near the present residence of Newton Hunter, an old Indian chief who died a natural death had been buried previous to the war of 1812. After the battle of Fort Stephenson, some of the Indians who had been killed were buried near the residence of the late Judge Wilmer, west of the Ochs wagon shops, and others were rafted across the river and buried in the Indian burial place near the chief. The existence of this Indian cemetery was confirmed a few years ago by the many Indian skeletons that were found and carted away when workmen were grading down the street on that avenue.

The Goose House.

The old Patterson house, on the north side of the pike, about forty rods east of the river bridge, was built in 1837, by John Strohl, to be used by him as a tavern stand. David Gould rented and used it for a tavern one year, then John Strohl occupied it about two years, and then it was rented to John Upp, in 1844.

The way it came to be called the goose house, was this: John Strohl had painted his tavern sign the figure of a swan. Half of the people of this section had never seen a swan, and so called it a goose house, and it went by that name for a long time. This name hurt its reputation as a hotel more than 20 per cent. Nobody wanted the name of stopping at a goose house, although it was well kept. Mrs. Strohl, whose maiden name was Beachler, was an excellent cook and a good landlady, and her husband treated every traveler kindly and courteously, but they never overcame the evil influence of a bad name. Captain Samuel Thompson had a tavern across the road from the "Goose House." Movers were shy of the "Goose House," and it was known far and wide. A Mr. Staner kept the house in 1851-3, Thompson in 1859, then Wm. Ernsperger, Julius Patterson, McGormley, and others. It is not now used as a tavern stand, but is let out to roomers and tenants by the present owner, Mr. Lance, of Toledo, O.

When the house was built Mr. James Bolen furnished the timber and Wm. McGormley hewed it with a broadaxe.

Isaac Strohl, Sr.

Mr. President and Pioneers:

At request of your Secretary, J. Burgner, to furnish some items in regard to my pioneer life in the Black Swamp, I dictated to him such facts as occurred to me at random. Of course our experiences are very much alike, and having been often repeated, become old chestnuts.

My father, Peter Strohl, was born June 22, 1798, in Pennsylvania. He married Sarah, daughter of Jacob Overmyer. They were farmers by occupation and members of the Lutheran church. About the year 1820 they moved to Perry county, Ohio, where I was born Nov. 18, 1825. In October, 1832, they moved to Sandusky county, Ohio, and lived from fall till the following spring two miles east of Lower Sandusky, on the south side of the Western Reserve and Maumee pike, where Mr.

Jonathan Spohn has since resided. The country was nearly all woods, and the only direction in which one could look for any distance was in a line with the pike, as the tall trees had been cut down, the stumps dug out, and the ground partly graded up. Stage coaches drawn by four horse teams made regular trips past our house, between Bellevue and Perrysburg. Movers' wagons also were a familiar sight.

In the spring of 1833 we moved upon a tract of heavily timbered land in Section 24, Ballville township, where we established a permanent home, in a manner similar to that of other pioneers. Father cleared away timber and brush, and by the help of a few neighbors he raised a cabin of round logs, one story with clap-board roof, and only a ground floor the first summer. There was only one room, and it served us as kitchen, dining room, parlor, bed room and work shop, as occasion required. There was a small garret overhead for the boys to sleep in.

Game and fish were plentiful, but I spent very little time in hunting and fishing, for I had more than I could do in helping clear land, put out and care for crops, and serve as man of all work.

We had no good roads to speak of, but there was an old Indian trail, east and west, that passed our cabin from the present site of Huber's saw mill, to the river at Ballville. There were but few Indians in the country then, as they had just gone away by tribes, the year 1832. I saw some Senecas and Wyandottes at Lower Sandusky, but as the males wore turkey feathers, I was shy of them.

Falling Stars.

About the 12th of November, 1833, I saw a strange sight in the woods about our house. Father had got up before daylight and called mother and the children to see the "falling stars," as they were called. It looked just like a storm of fiery snow flakes flying in all directions. Some people were very much frightened and thought the world was coming to an end. Scientific men say it was only a shower of meteors.

Our methods of farming were very

simple, and progressed like that of other farmers from the use of the hand sickle and scythe to the grain cradle, the mowing machine, the reaper of various styles, to the twine binder, and from the threshing of grain with a flail, or the tramping of horses, to the latest thresher with blower attachments. Plowing among roots and stumps and stones with ox team is no more practiced, but instead the plowman is seen to ride behind the plow like a city gentleman.

The Mexican War.

In the winter of 1846 I enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican war. I served most of the time as teamster, in hauling supplies from Vera Cruz to points westward as far as the City of Mexico. I drove a five-mule team. Mexican guerrillas infested the country and followed our train, hiding in the chapparal bushes along the road, from which they fired on us and then dashed away before our cavalry could get them. I was shot at by a Mexican, but the spent ball lodged in the thick of the thigh and did not disable me, being easily removed by the surgeon. One night we camped at the base of Mt. Popocatepetle, the top of which is always covered with snow. We were used to warm weather, and almost froze before morning. The weather in Mexico was usually dry and hot, but not unpleasant or oppressive, the sky a deep blue and the stars and moon shone unusually bright.

I have not said anything about our trip down the Mississippi river nor our crossing the Gulf of Mexico, as it was nothing unusual. The most interesting event was the unloading of 90 cavalry horses from our steamer in front of Vera Cruz. We anchored three quarters of a mile from shore and the horses had to swim that distance, one by one, after they were dropped into the sea from a long crane. Three men in an open boat for each horse, rode ashore, leading the horse by a long rope fastened to the halter. It took quite a while to land them all, but no accident occurred to man or beast. They were all saddle horses, and after the war we brought them back.

The mules which we drove were bought in Mexico. I might mention that on our way over the Gulf we encountered a violent storm which rolled the steamer dreadfully for several days. The horses had been securely fastened in stalls, but the poor brutes were so frightened and excited that the foam could be scraped from them like lather. To a steamboat man this story may seem silly, but to a landsman it was at least out of the ordinary.

I saw General Taylor on a steamer going up the Mississippi river when he was on his way to take his seat as President of the United States. He was dressed as a private citizen.

In 1840 I saw Colonel Richard M. Johnson at Lower Sandusky during the Harrison campaign, and heard him speak. He claimed to have shot the Great Indian Chief, Tecumseh, at the Battle of Tippecanoe.

In 1849 I went to New Orleans and engaged as a fireman on a steamer plying between that city and St. Louis; in which capacity I worked one year, then returned home and assisted my father on his farm, and later took his place until about two years ago when I removed to Morrison street, Fremont, to lead a retired life.

I might say in closing that I was married Jan. 12, 1860, to Miss Elida Grover, of York township, the daughter of a pioneer.

Pioneer Sketch—John Linebaugh.

(The substance of the following was related to J. Burgner's children, at their farm home in Ballville township, in the summer of 1886, and has been rewritten for the pioneer picnic of 1903.)

My grandfather on my father's side came from Amsterdam, Holland, where he was born and raised and where he was married. He emigrated to America, and settled in Fairfield county, Ohio, where he bought two farms of 160 acres each. My father was only six years old when he landed in New York. His youth and early manhood were spent in Fairfield county, Ohio. After he was married he heard that this country about

Lower Sandusky was a great place for fish, so he sold out and came to Sandusky county, and entered the 30-acre lot, known later as the Huss homestead in Green Creek township. He sold out later to Mr. Clark, and Clark sold to Huss. My father's family came here about the year 1818. It was then a howling wilderness, for a fact. Soon after coming here the old man said he was going to have a flock of sheep. The neighbors laughed at him. They said he could not keep sheep on account of the wolves. He thought he could, and brought a flock of 25 sheep from his former home. He built a large pen of poles, 15 feet high; the poles were notched and nicely fitted together at the corners, log cabin style. The neighbors said the wolves would dig under the logs and get in, but father said he would risk it. The very first night the wolves dug in under the poles and killed all the sheep; and they did it so quietly that the family knew nothing of it until morning. My father did not try to keep sheep for a long time after.

We lived in the old style log cabin; round logs, clapboard roof, chimney built up of sticks and plastered with mortar made of clay. The chimneys were plunked up, and the back wall of the fire-place was made of clay. The first winter our chimney was built up only seven feet, not finished, when wild animals were troublesome. We had wooden pins driven into the logs to hang up things. We had brought some smoked meat, hams and shoulders of pork from Fairfield county, which we hung in this fire-place. A wildcat came one night and got a ham and tried to get out of the chimney with it. When my father woke up the animal was dragging the ham towards the chimney. He threw a stool at the thief and knocked him over, but he escaped before my father could get his gun.

Wolf Pens.

To catch wolves the pioneers used to build large log pens in the woods. They would place down flat on the ground, close together, a row of poles about six inches thick and about twenty feet long, for a floor; then

some good-sized logs across the ends, then build up with logs, slanting inward, like a cabin roof, with gable ends, till it was about 8 feet high, leaving an opening at the top about four feet across. Over that opening there was placed a plank door, so balanced that whenever any animal got on it, it would turn and let it down and then shut up again. Inside of the pen two crotched sticks for posts held a pole, on which was placed some fresh meat. This worked very well, and the wolves could not dig out. Joe Hawk on Green Creek once caught about twenty wolves in his pen in one night. The government bounty for wolf scalps was then about two dollars apiece. \$40 for one catch was not to be grinned at. There were more wolves about our home at that time than wildcats. In the spring of the year they were ravenous and their howls after sunset could be heard in every direction.

Grist Mills.

When we first came to this country there were no mills here. We had to go to Castalia, or Cold Creek as it was called, and the neighbors took turns to accommodate each other, each taking a few bushels for a neighbor. To go to mill and back usually took about a week. Sometimes when the roads were bad we took our grists in canoes down the Sandusky river. Overland we went with carts when the roads were passable. After a few years the old man Rummery built a corn-cracker mill on Green Creek, near where Walter Huber now lives. Then we had a mill of our own and we felt independent. Many new settlers moved in here because we had that mill. As the number of settlers and business increased, the old man sent off and got some mill-stones, or burrs, to grind wheat with, and some bolts to separate the bran from the flour. The corn-cracker mill had no bolts. Then the country began to grow up, and farmers began to raise corn and wheat to sell, and the country began to improve in other respects—better houses and barns and fences.

That Rummery mill was the first good mill in this section to make

good wheat flour and separate the bran properly. Other mills came in the following order as I recollect them: Castalia, Stem's, Hedges', and Hawkins' at Lower Sandusky. The Stem's mill at Green Spring used to do an immense business for farmers over a wide extent of country. Long lines of teams awaited their turns to unload at these mills, some having to wait two or three days before they could get their grist. Some left their wheat and went home to return in a week, and then sometimes they had to wait for it after they came the second time. The Cold Creek mill was equally thronged. I drove oxen, when I was a boy, for Mr. Truman Grover, many a time to the Cold Creek mill. I drove those oxen for him when they were making the mill race for the Stem's mill. We had pretty hard times in this country in those days. Men's wages were only fifty cents a day. I being but a boy got twenty-five cents for driving oxen, and was glad to get that. We worked many days with plow and scraper in making that old mill-race. How things have changed since then!

Pioneer Mortality List.

| MEN. | Ages. |
|--------------------------|-------|
| Aldrich, Hiram H. | 69 |
| Arlin, H. H. | 63 |
| Anderson, Leonard | 76 |
| Beckwith, Hermon | 59 |
| Bever, Wm. H. | 72 |
| Blue, Charles | 64 |
| Boehler, Peter | 74 |
| Boor, Wm. C. | 69 |
| Bower, Wm. D. | 59 |
| Bricker, Dr. J. J. | 76 |
| Burket, Joseph | 68 |
| Burket, Jacob | 75 |
| Carstens, Henry | 62 |
| Coonrod, V. R. | 73 |
| Culbert, Elijah | 81 |
| Dana, George | 74 |
| Dopler, Michael | 61 |
| Doell, Peter | 84 |
| Doncyson, John R. | 57 |
| Dunham, Hon. Almond | 79 |
| Emch, Fred | 71 |
| Ebersole, P. M. | 70 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| Halbeisen, Catharine | 84 |
| Hendricks, Mrs. John | 59 |
| Hepp, Mrs. Catharine | 84 |
| Herl, Mrs. Margaret | 74 |
| Hess, Mrs. Mary A. | 78 |
| Hetrick, Mrs. Philip | 83 |
| Hollinger, Sophia D. | 74 |
| Hurlbut, Mrs. Maria | 95 |
| Hummel, Mrs. Margaret | 76 |
| Johnson, Mrs. H. M. | 80 |
| Joseph, Mrs. J. | 59 |
| Jordan, Christena | 71 |
| — | |
| Lahey, Mrs. Catharine | 77 |
| Langerman, Mrs. Sophia | 82 |
| Lash, Mary A. | 78 |
| Lemmon, Mrs. Sarah L. | 84 |
| Lynch, Mrs. Josephine | 62 |
| Marovinz, Catharine | 90 |
| Mearing, Catharine | 90 |
| Mefort, Mary L. | 68 |
| McIntyre, Mrs. Jane | 75 |
| Myers, Mrs. Barbara | 77 |
| Miller, Mrs. Rebecca | 74 |
| Miller, Caroline | 80 |
| Morrison, Mrs. Bridget | 72 |
| Moore, Mrs. Benj. | 85 |
| Neely, Mrs. Rebecca | 68 |
| Nickels, Mrs. Fred | 78 |
| Ohler, Mrs. Jacob | 69 |
| Quilter, Mrs. Timothy | 71 |
| Reed, Mrs. Leah | 59 |
| Reisley, Mrs. F. | 71 |
| Royce, Rosetta E. | 69 |
| Seager, Mrs. Sophia | 75 |
| Schwochow, Johanna | 65 |
| Shertinger, Mrs. Barbara | 58 |
| Smith, Mrs. S. H. | 77 |
| Smith, Sarah | 69 |
| Stark, Adaline | 77 |
| Steincamp, Margaret | 82 |
| Stull, Mrs. Catharine | 82 |
| Swaigood, Rebecca | 72 |
| Tunnington, Mrs. Mary J. | 74 |
| Walker, Cath. G. | 69 |
| Whitmer, Mrs. Mary | 57 |
| Wilson, Mrs. Frances B. | 75 |

The popular violinist known far and wide as "Johnny Fitzgerald" next appeared on the scene, and in a few moments, as by magic, changed the solemn expressions on the faces

of his audience (caused by listening to serious matters) into broad grins by singing and playing "In the Cottage by the Sea." He was heartily applauded and responded to an encore by the rendition of "Old Grumble," which brought down the house.

The chair next called for the report of the treasurer of the society, A. J. Wolfe, who reported as follows:

| | |
|--|--------|
| Balance on hand from last year | \$2.17 |
| Received from collections and sale of badges | 47.75 |
| Total | 49.92 |
| Total expenses | 43.69 |
| Balance on hand | 6.23 |

He stated that the expenses of this year could not be met by the amount of cash on hand and proceeded to take up a collection; he was assisted in this by Grundy Parks and Mr. J. D. Hensel. While this was being done Tom Forgerson, of Clyde, entertained the audience by singing a song written by Thomas Spriggs, who helped clear off the land on the present site of Bellevue, more than 60 years ago.

Hon. Charles Foster.

The chairman introduced Hon. Charles Foster, of Fostoria, to whom a Fremont audience is always glad to listen.

Mr. Foster said in part he was not a pioneer of Sandusky county, but his wife was born here 75 years ago, and he might claim to be at least a near relative. He referred to his first visit to this place which was on July 4, 1850. The occasion was a dance at Buckland's hall and Ralph P. Buckland was floor-manager. He did not remember whether or not Mr. I. M. Keeler was present, thought he did not dance in those days though he may do so now. The only one he remembered being present who was living today was Wm. E. Haynes, though he afterward recalled the fact that Wm. H. Tyler was there and "called." He spoke of the first settlements in Sandusky and adjoining counties, said his father-in-law, Jesse S. Olmsted, with Rudolphus Dickinson, started in business at Ty mochtee, which was thought to be destined to become a center of popu-

lation, as it was where the Indians received their annuities from the government. They finally changed their opinion and moved back to Lower Sandusky. He said the first settlements at Lower Sandusky were made in the early twenties, though there had been hunters and trappers here previous to that, and history tells us that Croghan was here in 1813. He spoke of the ever onward march of civilization and said that since 80 years ago the world had made more progress than in all the centuries before, for in that time it had given us all the modern improvements and inventions we now enjoy. He commended the courage, perseverance and industry of the early settlers and said that there is not a spot on earth where people enjoy more of life, prosperity and liberty than we do right here in Sandusky county. In eulogy of Ohio he said that five of the last six elected presidents were natives of this state and one was brought up in Sandusky county, and that many of the great generals of the civil war were born in Ohio, also that the Buckeye state has exercised an unusual influence in the affairs of the nation.

In solution of the problem "Why has Ohio been thus favored!" he said that some of the best people of civilized Europe had emigrated to New England, to Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and when, in 1787, an ordinance was passed by congress forbidding slavery in the northwest territory, the descendants of the emigrants moved westward to Ohio where, by natural causes, a race of men was produced through whom has come this great development, and it also may be found that in the state of Ohio the manufacturing, mineral, agricultural and industrial interests are about in equal proportions, and these great forces, acting upon the minds of the people, have produced level-headed men; while other states, lacking some of these, have produced men a little bit lop-sided. He spoke of this as being the greatest nation on the face of the earth and that this greatness was reached by evolution and by the toil and sacrifices of the pioneers, and in no country on earth

could a man make a living for himself and acquire property as easily as he can here. He spoke of the Spanish-American war and its causes, of the achievements of Dewey at Manila Bay and our possessions in the Philippines, and that these things had made this nation a world-power in the short space of three months; and since that time no great transaction of the world can be settled without consulting the United States. Speaking of trusts he said they were a natural and necessary evolution coming from our increasing energy, prosperity and intelligence. He spoke of trades unions, which, as well as trusts, sometimes do foolish things, but they are here to stay and we are better for both of them. He expressed the hope that the time is not far distant when true relations may be established between trades unions and trusts, and said that no trust was so strong but that in time another trust will be formed to take its place. He said, in conclusion, that he came by invitation of Mr. Burgoon, and because he wanted to come, as he had not been here for a long time.

After the remarks by Mr. Foster the audience enjoyed a piano solo by Miss Leona Crowell and then Johnny Fitzgerald gave several of his popular songs.

George H. Whitey was introduced and gave a very interesting talk and, by request of the chairman, presented the bouquets as Mr. Basil Meek who for years has performed this pleasant duty was unable to be present on account of sickness.

For the oldest lady, to Mrs. Lattig, of Lindsey, aged 93, from Mrs. Jos. Esch.

For the oldest gentleman, to William Keating, aged 87; one gentleman, aged 93, was reported but was not present at the distribution.

Pretty flowers were given to Mr. and Mrs. R. Willey, Mrs. Nancy Burgoon, Mrs. Stine, Mrs. D. H. Bailey, Martin Gross and others.

Mrs. Ellen Pence, aged 83, secured the prize for the best looking old lady.

On motion of Mr. J. L. Parks, duly seconded, the association voted to

have all the sketches published in the papers and kept in the archives of the society.

The reunion closed with singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and benediction by Rev. A. Bowman.

Pioneers and Others Who Registered

Artz, Frank
Ackerman, Katherine
Albert, Margaret

Baumann, Mrs. E. A.
Bauman, Mrs. H. E.
Babione, Mrs. Elizabeth
Babione, Samuel
Bowman, Rev. W. A.
Brown, Mary E.
Benner, J. D.
Biggs, Mrs. Rebecca
Blue, D. S.
Brunthaver, Wm.
Bruner, Louisa
Burgner, Jacob
Burgoon, David
Burgoon, Cynthia
Burgoon, Vinnie
Burgoon, I. H.
Burgoon, C. P.
Bonam, J. J.
Bonam, Sarah
Bolen, Louis
Bolen, Mrs. L.
Babione, Wm.
Babione, Mrs. Frances
Birtch, Mrs. V. G.
Binkley, John
Box, Mary A.

Cole, Mrs. Sarah
Cole, Mary J.
Clink, Mrs. Fred
Chambers, Mrs. Addie
Clinger, J. H.

Dell, George
Dell, Mrs. Mary E.
Deffenbaugh, Mrs. F. A.
Dollison, Mrs. Lydia
DeRan, Ann M.
DeRan, John P.
Doll, Samuel
Doll, Emma
Druckenmiller, Mrs. Louisa
Dirlam, Capt. C. L.
Dirlam, Frank

Dirlam, Mrs. F.
Doll, A. J.

Engler, N.
Engler, George
Engler, Sarah A.
Evans, J.
Engler, Mrs. J.
Ellis, E.
Eckhart, C. H.

Ferguson, Mrs. Sedilla
Forgerson, J. G.
Forgerson, Clara L.
Forgerson, Nancy G.
Fowler, Mrs. M. G.
Fowler, Mrs. Rachel
Fisher, Henry C.
Fisher, T. H.
Foster, Mrs. Frank
Forgerson, Grant
Fought, Eli
Fought, Mrs. Angeline
Foster, Hon. Charles
Forgerson, Thomas
Forgerson, Lucretia
Fuller, George B.
Feasel, Martha J.

Gibbs, Jason
Gilmore, Mrs. Emma
Gross, Martin

Hufford, W. T.
Hufford, Mrs. W. T.
Hufford, Elizabeth
Havens, Hugh
Havens, Mrs. H.
Havens, W. J.
Havens, Mrs. W. J.
Hufford, Mrs. James
Halter, Catharine
Halter, Mrs. Sarah
Hale, A. J.
Hawk, Mrs. George
Hummel, Sarah
Huss, C. R.
Hollinger, Katharine
Harris, Mrs. Clara E.
Hufford, Perry
Hufford, Belle
Hess, Louis
Hess, Mrs. R. W.
Hite, Samuel
Hite, Mrs. R. A.
Hollinshead, W. C.
Hollinshead, Mrs. W. C.
Harris, Anville
Harris, C. A.
Hill, Rev. J. E.

Haff, Elisha
Hiett, George
Hetrick, Mrs. Mary

Imick, Mrs. C. J.

Jacobs, Wm.
Jackman, Catharine
Jackson, Minerva
Jackson, George
Jackson, Mrs. G.

Keeler, Isaac M.
Koons, Mrs. John
Koons, John
Koons, Mrs. L. J.
Koons, Eva
Kramb, Elizabeth
Kline, Capt. A.
Keating, C. S.
Keating, Olive E.
Klutz, Philip

Long, Mrs. Zoe A.
Lucas, Catharine
Leshner, Mrs. Susan
Lance, Henry
Lehmann, John J.
Lattig, Maria
Leshner, Henry

Moore, J. P.
Moore, Mrs. J. P.
Miller, A. H.
Mefort, G.
Moses, D. S.
Mooney, Hortense W.
Morgan, Mrs. E. H.
Muchmore, Mrs. E. H.
Mooney, David
Mooney, Maria
Mugg, W. A.
Mugg, Mrs. Phoebe S.
Moyer, Mrs. C. E.
Mooney, Benjamin

Nuhfer, Anthony C.
Nuhfer, Mrs. A. C.
Nuhfer, Mrs. Emma

Overmyer, B. B.
Overmyer, Mrs. B. B.
Overmyer, L. A.
Overmyer, Flora
Overmyer, Miss Elta
Overmyer, Mrs. Frank
Overmyer, Mrs. A. W.
Over, Mrs. Lucy

Parks, J. L.

Parks, Mrs. Mary A.
Perrin, F. A.
Pence, D. A.
Pence, Mrs. D. A.
Pence, Ellenore
Pence, Miss Effie
Ruth, Mrs. Jacob
Ross, W. W.
Rafferty, Felix
Rafferty, Mrs. Elizabeth
Reese, T. G.
Reed, Barbara
Russell, Mrs. Cordella
Rife, Mrs. John
Roberts, John
Roberts, Louisa

Snyder, N. W.
Snyder, Mrs. N. W.
Scrimger, W.
Scrimger, Mrs. W.
Smith, H. C.
Smith, Mary F.
Smith, Mrs. Wm.
Smith, Mary E.
Smith, Mrs. Jacob
Smith, Mary J.
Shell, A.
Shell, Elizabeth
Shively, H. E.
Shively, Mary
Shively, Solomon
Shawl, George W.
Short, George W.
Stine, Levi
Shale, Wm.
Shale, Mrs. Clara
Sandwich, J. W.
Sandwich, Miss Dora
Sandwich, Elizabeth
Streeter, Albert
Streeter, Mrs. A.
Sweet, Harriet
Steirwalt, M.
Steirwalt, Mrs.
Steirwalt, Maggie
Stine, Mrs. Sarah

Tucker, N. R.
Tucker, Mrs. N. R.
Tyler, Wm. H.
Tyler, Mrs. W. H.
Tucker, H. H.
Tucker, Mrs. H. H.

Voorhles, C. D.

Wolfe, A. J.
Walters, A. R.

Walters, Mrs. A. R.
Willey, R.
Willey, Mrs. R.
Wagoner, Samuel
Wagoner, Sarah
Winters, Mrs. Anna
Wright, Lafayette
Wilson, Mrs. Theresa
Walters, Mrs. George
Walters, George

Young, J. P.
Young, Mrs. J. P.

Zink, Levi
Zink, Mrs. L.

The large registration was chiefly due to the fact that the secretary, J. Burgner, used the card system instead of the former method.

The Sandusky County, Ohio, Pioneer and Historical Association

Proceedings of Thirty-second Annual Reunion

Held at Fremont, September 8th, 1904

Thursday marked the thirty-second annual reunion of the Pioneer and Historical society of Sandusky county. The members of the association and their friends began to arrive early and by noon there was a goodly crowd present.

The program was opened at 10:30 by Major I. H. Burgoon, the vice president of the association, who since the death of Dr. Wilson, has been the acting president.

Following is the program carried out:

Prayer, Rev. Bowman.

Song, "All Hail the Power of Jesus Name," by audience.

Scripture reading, Rev. Bowman.

Resolutions of respect for the late Dr. Wilson were read and approved.

The following officers and committees were then elected:

I. H. Burgoon, president.

Jas. S. Parks, vice president.

Jacob Burgner, secretary.

A. J. Wolfe, treasurer.

Rev. Bowman, chaplain.

Executive committee—Basil Meek, Geo. Aldrich, Tinney; Webb Hayes, Fremont; Jos. Waggoner, Lindsey; W. J. Havens, Fremont.

Reading of list of pioneers dead by Secretary Burgner.

Pioneer Dead

| | |
|-----------------------|----|
| Acker, H. B. | 65 |
| Barber, Chas. K. | 58 |
| Bauer, Jos. | 64 |
| Bellman, Mrs. J. | 64 |
| Browser, Rosanna | 77 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Brownell, E. B. | 68 |
| Brunthaver, Joan | 81 |
| Buchman, Geo. | 58 |
| Bice, Wm. | 75 |
| Busold, Conrad | 64 |
| Beckert, Dominick | 94 |
| Brown, Jos. | 64 |
| Blatter, Wendolin | 76 |
| Blodgett, R. A. H. | 71 |
| Beckert, Dominick | 77 |
| Burgoon, Mrs. Ann | 73 |
| Brick, Mrs. Barbara | 67 |
| Caldwell, Mrs. M. J. | 66 |
| Callahan, C. L. | 69 |
| Cochran, Thos. | 76 |
| Corser, John | 94 |
| Chreagar, Christopher | 87 |
| Chudzinski, Mich. | 63 |
| Cook, Ellen | 68 |
| Cookson, John | 76 |
| Cowper, John | 73 |
| Cosgrove, Mary | 78 |
| Dean, F. E. | 60 |
| Dick, Lorenzo | 65 |
| Dunninger, Mrs. Isabella | 83 |
| Elligott, Jas. | 71 |
| Eichel, Louis | 80 |
| Earnie, Magdalena | 95 |
| Fowler, Thomas | 80 |
| Gabreelsk, Amelia | 71 |
| Gavitt, J. S. A. | 78 |
| Geigger, John | 84 |
| Gonya, Griquay | 78 |
| Greenslade, Elizabeth | 75 |
| Grace, Frederick | 58 |
| Hale, Mrs. A. J. | 74 |
| Hansen, P. H. J. | 80 |
| Heseman, Hy. | 81 |



NORTON RUSSELL

1801-1899

Reading without glasses at 95. See his address in Yearbook, 1917, page 26.



CHIEF OGONTZ

The indian warrior and Jesuit priest who ruled his tribe within the present site of Sandusky City, known as Ogontz Place. This picture has been more than thirty years in possession of Mr. P. P. Cherry, the well-known historical writer, of Akron, Ohio. The original was obtained in Indian Territory from a traveling photographer who years previously had made ambrotypes in Northwestern Ohio. It is a reproduction from an ambrotype print.

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|----|-----------------------------|----|
| Heffner, John | 64 | Tittle, Henry | 61 |
| Heiler, Fred | 87 | Torrey, Selma | 77 |
| Heitzel, Mary | 67 | Unger, Joel | 73 |
| Herman, Hy. | 73 | Vance, David | 70 |
| Hessong, Elizabeth | 73 | Vandersall, Lucetta | 79 |
| Hilt, Mrs. Anna C. | 61 | Vollmer, Mrs. Simon | 81 |
| Hinefine, O. S. | 83 | Winters, B. C. | 70 |
| Hoch, Mrs. Mary E. | 79 | Walhof, Catherine | 74 |
| Hornung, Adam | 82 | Waggoner, Mrs. Samuel | 72 |
| Hunt, Col. D. R. | 63 | Walterman, Henry | 77 |
| Hutchins, Matthew | 82 | Warner, Solomon | 71 |
| Ickes, Michael | 87 | Weiker, Jonas | 76 |
| Julian, Melissa | 69 | Wilson, Nancy Justice | 82 |
| Jackman, Wm. | 81 | Wilson, Dr. James W. | 86 |
| Joseph, Esther | 69 | Wiley, Mrs. Harriet | 78 |
| Jansen, Cecelia | 69 | Yack, Gusta | 59 |
| Kenan, Geo. W. | 80 | Young, Norton | 57 |
| Kern, Rev. Dan'l | 87 | | |
| Kiser, Mrs. Catherine | 69 | | |
| Kneip, Mrs. Jacob | 74 | | |
| Last, Johanna | 65 | | |
| Low, Hiram | 72 | | |
| Miller, Rebecca | 74 | | |
| Miller, Mrs. W. H. | 63 | | |
| Mills, Mrs. Deliah B. | 70 | | |
| Marmaduke, Mrs. M. | 71 | | |
| Miller, Maria | 63 | | |
| Miarer, Philip | 75 | | |
| Mololaty, Thomas | 60 | | |
| Moore, Mrs. Eliza | 89 | | |
| Munk, Henry | 69 | | |
| Moriarty, Thomas | 62 | | |
| Messenger, Magdalena | 70 | | |
| Myers, John C. | 92 | | |
| Niehousmeyer, Anna | 72 | | |
| Neely, Rebecca | 68 | | |
| Overmyer, Harriet | 70 | | |
| Overmyer, Mrs. Sol. B. | 78 | | |
| Overmyer, Simon P. | 78 | | |
| Rumbaugh, Deborah | 73 | | |
| Rochner, Magdalena | 75 | | |
| Reed, Mrs. Caroline | 75 | | |
| Reynolds, Geo. | 87 | | |
| Roush, Daniel | 82 | | |
| Rosenberger, James | 87 | | |
| Seward, Casper | 77 | | |
| Schill, John | 72 | | |
| Schowchwo, Caroline (Shwo-ko)... | 62 | | |
| Shade, Mrs. Chas. G. | 64 | | |
| Slessman, Mrs. Mary | 90 | | |
| Smith, Jacob | 61 | | |
| Sparks, Isaac | 83 | | |
| Steinle, Joseph | 84 | | |
| Terry, Chas. | 72 | | |
| Thompson, Wm. | 62 | | |

COURTS AND BAR OF PIONEER DAYS IN SANDUSKY COUNTY.

(By Basil Meek.)

The judicial system of Ohio under the constitution of 1802, briefly stated, consisted of

(1) A Supreme Court composed of three judges till 1804, four from then till 1810, then three till 1816, and after the last date four to the close, February 9, 1852. Terms were held once a year in each county, any two of the judges being a quorum. A general term was held once a year at the Capitol by all the judges, and known as, the Court in bank. It had concurrent jurisdiction with the Common Pleas Court when the amount in dispute exceeded \$1,000.00; appellate jurisdiction in all cases where that Court had original jurisdiction; exclusive jurisdiction in capital punishment cases, except that from 1825 the law permitted persons charged with capital crimes, to be tried in the Common Pleas, at their option; and it had exclusive jurisdiction in all cases of divorce and alimony until 1843, when concurrent jurisdiction in such cases was conferred upon the Common Pleas.

(2) Common Pleas Courts composed of a lawyer, as a president judge for each circuit, and three laymen associate judges for each county. This court had original jurisdiction

in all criminal cases except in capital punishment cases; in all civil cases where the jurisdiction exceeded that of justice of the peace; appellate from justices of the peace and original jurisdiction in all probate matters.

The associate judges could hold special terms for the transaction of probate matters, and were in their judicial capacity, substantially the court of probate. All judges were elected by the Legislature for terms of seven years.

(3) Justices of the Peace elected by the voters of each township, in the several counties for terms of three years, with jurisdiction limited to small amounts in controversy, and preliminary hearing in criminal charges.

The common law forms of actions prevailed.

Prosecuting attorneys, for both the Supreme and Common Pleas Courts, in each county, were until 1833, appointed by the Common Pleas Courts to hold office during the pleasure of the court, and after that year were elected at the annual election, in each county, for terms of two years.

Clerks of Courts for both, Supreme and Common Pleas, were appointed by the courts respectively for terms of seven years.

Sheriffs were elected in each county at the annual election, for terms of two years.

January 31, 1815, when Huron county was organized, all the territory embraced in what became Sandusky county, was attached to that county. (11, Vol. 113)

The first record evidence of civil government within the territory of Sandusky county, to be found, is in Journal No. 1, of the county commissioners of Huron county, at page 1, and is as follows:

"Commissioners' office at County Seat, August 1, 1815: First meeting held at David Abbot, Esq's, Caleb Palmer, Charles Parker, Eli Barnum, commissioners:

"The new townships following are set off viz.:

"Commissioners' office at county seat.

"August 1, 1815. First meeting held at David Abbott, Esq.

"Caleb Palmer,
"Charles Parker, Commissioners.
"Eli S. Barnum,

"The new townships following are set off, viz.: 1st.—Waynes Reserve at Lower Sandusky to be known by the name of Lower Sandusky."

Afterwards, the following appears in same commissioners' Journal:

"May 18, 1819 commissioners met, towit: Joseph Strong and Bildad Adams.

"A petition was presented for a new township, therefore ordered that all that tract lying west of the fire lands (Huron county) and east of the Sandusky river, is hereby set off and made a separate township by the name of Croghan."

By act of the State Legislature, April 15, 1803, the state was divided into three Judicial Circuits. The territory which afterwards became Sandusky County was placed within Franklin County in the Second Circuit. In 1809 it was transferred to Delaware County, in the Fourth Circuit, created in 1808. In 1815 it was transferred to Huron County, where it remained until organized as a separate county in 1820.

Indian Murder Trial.

While thus within the jurisdiction of Huron County, occurred the trial at Norwalk of three Indians for the murder, within the Lower Sandusky region, soon to become Sandusky County, of two white men, trappers, near the present site of Oak Harbor. Two were found guilty, and were finally hung at Norwalk by sentence of Judge Tod, president judge. One turned states evidence and was acquitted. This was the first trial and hanging for murder committed within Sandusky County territory. A complete record of the case is found in Vol. 1, page 217, Huron County Common Pleas Law Record.

The early records and papers in Huron county are not in condition to furnish much further information, but it is certain that while these townships were within that jurisdiction, John Drury and Israel Harrington were justices of the peace, in Lower Sandusky, Harrison, as early as December 18, 1815, and that Jaques Hulburt was a justice of the peace

The six President Judges of the Sandusky County, Ohio, Common
Pleas Court, under the first State Constitution.



GEORGE TOD

May term, 1820. October term, 1823. First
Judge in County.



EBENEZER LANE

May term, 1824, October term, 1830



DAVID HIGGINS

May term, 1831, October term, 1837



OZIAS BOWEN

March term, 1838, October term, 1844



MYRON H. TILDEN

March term, 1845, October term, 1846



E. B. SADDLER

March term, 1847, to close of the First
Constitution of Ohio

when Sandusky county was organized. The first election held thereafter for justice of the peace was in Croghan township on July 4, 1820, at which Morris A. Newman was elected. Hulburd was afterwards associate judge, clerk of courts and representative in the legislature. Harrington and Newman were also subsequently associate judges.

County Organized—

Sandusky county was organized February 12, 1820, to take effect April 1, following, and included within its boundaries all of what is now Ottawa and parts of Erie and Lucas counties.

On account of a contention between the east and west sides of the river, for the location of the seat of justice, the legislature temporarily, only, established the same Croghanville on the east side and appointed a commission of three persons of whom Charles R. Sherman, who soon thereafter became a Supreme judge, was chairman, to permanently locate such seat of justice. Courts were held in the house of Morris A. Newman, being a tavern on the hill till the May term, 1822, as below stated:

The first election for officers was held the first Monday in April following, there then being but two townships in the county, Croghan, including all the territory east of the Sandusky river to the west line of Huron county, and lower Sandusky, all west of the same to east line of Wood county. The vote polled was—Croghan township, 57; Sandusky, 118, total, 175. Willis E. Brown, the first sheriff, was then elected.

February 24, 1820, the county was, for judicial purposes attached to the third judicial circuit, composed of the counties of Portage, Medina, Huron, Cuyahoga, Ashtabula, Geauga and Trumbull, of which Hon. George Tod, of Trumbull county, was president judge, and to whose salary of \$1,000.00 was added \$200.00 for coming to the counties of Sandusky and Wood, which latter county was also added to his circuit at same time.

First Term of Court—

The first term of the Common Pleas Court held in the county was on May 8, 1820, and was opened by proclamation of Sheriff Willis E. Brown.

Present, Hon. George Tod, president judge; Israel Harrington, David Harold and Alexander Morrison, associate judges, and Jacob Parker, of Richland county, prosecuting attorney.

Judge Tod was a graduate of Yale and a man of eminent ability; he had been State Senator from Trumbull county, Supreme Judge from 1806 to 1810; which high office he resigned to enter the military service of his country, to aid in protecting the frontiers in the war of 1812 against the British and Indians; and was elected Common Pleas Judge in 1815. He was the father of Gov. David Tod, one of the war governors of Ohio.

Mr. Parker subsequently, 1841-1848, was the judge of the Eleventh Circuit. He was related to the Shermans by marriage, his wife being the only sister of Judge Charles R. Sherman, who was the father of Senator John Sherman and Gen. W. T. Sherman.

On the return of the venire for the Grand Jury, it being found that the same had not been issued the length of time required by law, was challenged, and the panel quashed, and thereupon the sheriff was ordered to select a new Grand Jury from the bystanders, which was accordingly done. The following were selected:

Joshua Davis, Elijah Brayton, Charles B. Fitch, Ruben Bristol, Elisha W. Howland, Jonathan H. Jerome, William Morrison, Josiah Rumery, Nicholas Whiting, William Andrews, Ruel Loomis, James Montgomery, Caleb Rice, Robert Harvey, Thomas Webb; whereupon Charles B. Fitch was appointed foreman and took the oath prescribed by law, and his fellow jurors, after having taken the same oath, received a solemn charge from the court and retired.

These grand jurors seem to have been diligent, for the next day closed their labors for the term, by returning seven indictments, three of which were against persons for selling liquor to Indians.

Among the other four was one against one Almeron Sands for assault and battery on the body of Calvin Leesen. Leesen, the person assaulted, was one of the parties indicted for selling whiskey to the Indians. Sands was immediately ar-

raigned and entering a plea of guilty, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$15.00.

This was the first indictment returned and the first judgment ever entered in this court.

At the opening of the May term, 1822, Judge Tod, presiding with associates, Israel Harrington and Jeremiah Everett, the report of Charles R. Sherman, Nehemiah King and Edward Payne, the commissioners, theretofore appointed to locate the seat of justice, was made and filed, establishing the same at the "Town of Sandusky." The journal of the proceedings show that thereupon court adjourned to be held at the school house in said town of Sandusky, and accordingly met pursuant to such adjournment the same day, May 23, in said schoolhouse. This was a hewed log structure, standing near the spot on which the present old Central school building, at the corner of Croghan street and Park avenue now stands, the courts being held there for three or four years. Dr. P. Beaugrand, now living, and 90 years of age, says that he well remembers the courts being held in this log building, till a court house was afterwards erected.

Pickett Latimer, of Huron county, was prosecuting attorney.

Among the proceedings of this term appears the report of the commissioners appointed by the legislature to locate the seat of justice of Seneca county, fixing the same at the town of Tiffin. It will be remembered that at its erection in 1820, Seneca county, for judicial purposes, was attached to Sandusky and so remained till January 22, 1824, and its judicial proceedings were during that period held and recorded in Sandusky county.

The first jury trial in Sandusky Common Pleas was at this term, being a prosecution for arson, against a woman by the name of Sally Wolcott, charged with burning a building owned by one Moses Nichols. The jury found her not guilty.

Supreme Court—

The first term of the Supreme Court for Sandusky county, was held in the school house, mentioned, on July 30, 1823. Charles R. Sherman and Jacob Burnet, judges, both distinguished for learning and ability as jurists. The

latter had been United States senator, as the successor of William Henry Harrison. Yearly terms were thereafter held in the county by Supreme Judges Sherman, Burnet, Hitchcock, Collett, Brush, Wright, Lane, Wood, Grimke, Birchard, Reed, Avery, Spaulding, and Caldwell, two of them being present at each of the several terms, all of whose names appear from year to year, in the Supreme Court Journal of the county.

At the August term, 1845, of this court, Stanly Matthews, who a third of a century later, became associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, was admitted to the bar. Rutherford B. Hayes was a member of the committee who examined him as to his qualifications for admission, and as President of the United States, appointed him to the Supreme Bench.

There were four divorce cases brought at the first term of this court; three were granted and one dismissed. H. J. Harman, Esq., was attorney for all the petitioners.

During the following 29 years, to the close of the old constitution, this court together with the Common Pleas which after 1843, had concurrent jurisdiction in such cases, there were 43 divorces granted, including the above; according to the record, there had been 2,184 marriages, during this time showing the divorces to be two per cent of marriages. Comparing the above with the present, marriage and divorce situation in the county, it will be found that the marriages for the past year were 285 and the divorces for three years last past have averaged 42, being nearly 15 per cent of the number of marriages, taking the number of marriages during the past year as a criterion which is approximately correct.

At the May term, 1824, of the Common Pleas, the case of Nimble Jim, an Indian, against John Chena, a white man, was tried. This was a case in replevin to recover possession of an Indian pony. Elutherus Cook, of Sandusky City, was attorney for the Indian, and ex-Judge Parish, of Columbus, appeared for the white man. The Indian's statement was: That he had raised the pony from a colt, and that he was three years old only; and having been put out a few miles from

where the white man lived, on a hunting excursion, the pony left him and was making his way home to the Seneca Reserve, and was taken up by the white man, who refused to give it up, claiming that he had raised it from a colt, and that it was four years old.

To prove that the horse was raised by the Indian, there were four Seneca Indians called as witnesses, the first being George, the chief. The question arose, by what form were savage Indians to be sworn to tell the truth. Judge Lane, through an interpreter, put this question to George:

"Do you believe the Great Spirit will punish you if you tell a lie about the horse?"

George replied to the interpreter that he would not tell a lie for any man's horse.

The judge then ordered them, through the interpreter, to hold up their right hands, and put the following oath to them: "You, and each of you, do believe that the Great Spirit will punish you—each one, if you tell a lie about the ownership of the horse now in dispute between the Indian and white man?"

The white man brought four witnesses into court, who testified that he had raised the pony and that he was four years old the last spring.

Judge Lane thereupon ordered the sheriff to find three men, who professed to know the age of a horse by examining his mouth. The sheriff found three men, who examined the mouth of the horse, after which they testified that the pony was but three years old that spring. The Indians all testified that the pony was but three years old. The jury, however, to the surprise of all, awarded the pony to the white man. The Indians present showed their resentment, and the white men, attending court, to pacify the Indians, made up a purse of money and bought the pony of the white man and gave it to the clearly rightful owner, the Seneca Indian, and that satisfied the Indians.

Dr. R. A. Sherrard, Sugar Hill, Jefferson county, who was present at this trial, in a communication to the Fremont Journal, gives this case as one illustrating the uncertainties of the law.

February 10, 1824, a reorganization of the judicial circuits placed Sandusky county in the Second Circuit with the counties of Union, Delaware, Marion, Wood, Williams, Huron and Richland, with Hon. Ebenezer Lane, of Huron county, president judge, who continued to hold court in Sandusky until he was elected to the supreme bench in 1830. He was succeeded by Hon. David Higgins, 1831, of Huron county. Judge Higgins was succeeded by Hon. Ozias Bowen, 1838, of Marion county, who afterwards became a supreme judge in 1856 under the new constitution. The Circuits from time to time underwent changes, and Lucas and Erie counties with others, were in same Circuit with Sandusky, and Myron H. Tilden, 1845, then of Lucas, became president judge. He afterwards moved to Cincinnati and became a judge of the Superior Court there. He was succeeded as Common Pleas judge by Hon. E. B. Saddler, 1847, of Erie county, who held courts till the close of the old system.

All these have passed from earth, leaving unblemished records as able, just and upright judges.

Associate Judges—

Israel Harrington, David Harold, Alexander Morrison, Charles B. Fitch, Jeremiah Everett (father of Homer Everett), Jaques Hulburd, Morris A. Newman, Joel Strawen, James Justice (father of Mesdames Dr. Wilson, Dr. Failing and Homer Everett), Elisha W. Howland, Luther Porter, Jacob Nyce, Isaac Knapp, Geo. Overmyer, Sr., Alpheus McIntyre, Jesse S. Olmstead (father of Mrs. Charles Foster), Frederick Chapman, Samuel Hufford.

Clerks of Courts—

Philip R. Hopkins, 1820; Alexander Morrison, 1820; P. F. Drake, 1821; Jaques Hulburd, 1821-5; J. O. Scranton, 1825-37; Dr. L. Q. Rawson, 1837-51; and Daniel Capper, 1851-4.

Sheriffs—

Willis E. Brown, 1820; Josiah Rumery, 1824; Giles Thompson, 1827; Samuel O. Crowell, 1831; Jesse S. Olmstead, 1833; J. D. Beaugrand, 1835; Homer Everett, 1839; John Strohl, 1843; Daniel Burger, 1846, and James Parks, 1850.

Court Houses—

The first court house, a frame two-story building 24 by 36, with offices below and court room above, was ordered erected April 23, 1823, Commissioners' Journal 1, page 145, and was completed about 1825, and is still standing on the spot where completed, opposite Fort Stephenson Park, north, on point of hill west of Arch, between Croghan and State streets, and is occupied as the residence of Rev. Mr. Mochel, pastor of St. Johns Lutheran church. A log jail was built on the same grounds, and in it were imprisoned the murderers, Sperry and Thompson, and here Sperry committed suicide, and from it Thompson escaped, but was recaptured as stated elsewhere in this paper.

This house was occupied as the court house, until the present brick building, with the jail in basement, was completed, being in the spring of 1844, as will be seen from Commissioners Journal 2, page 371. It will also be seen from the same Journal, page 381, December 4, 1844, that this first court house and grounds, three lots, were ordered sold, and finally passed to the ownership of the Lutheran church and the house was used for a time as a place of worship and preaching of the gospel, and thus the maxim, in equity jurisprudence that

"Equity follows the law," finds illustration, as do also the words of Scripture:

"Mercy and truth are met together;
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

Here Rev. Henry Lang resided, during his long and able pastorate; here his children, save one, were born, and in this house all of them were reared.

A case involving ownership of river beds, Gavit vs. Chambers, was brought in the Common Pleas Court, to recover damages caused by the erection of a mill-dam across the Sandusky river, at Ballville, by Chambers, causing the water to flow back and cover a stone quarry worked by Gavit, near the middle of the bed of the river, which he claimed title to, by reason of his ownership of the lands on the bank next to the same.

Judge Lane charged the jury that Gavit could set up no right, on account of such ownership of the lands on the shore, to the use or ownership of the bed of the river adjacent to such lands.

The case went to the Supreme Court, and at the December term, 1828, the judgment of the Common Pleas was reversed, the Supreme Court holding that owners of lands, on the banks of navigable streams running through Ohio, were also owners of the beds of the rivers to the middle of the stream, subject only to the easement of navigation—thus deciding an important question, for the first time made in the state (3 O. R. 495). This ruling was followed later by the Supreme Court in the case of June vs. Purcell (36 O. S. 396) which also went from this county and is the settled doctrine, and has become a rule of property in Ohio.

An interesting jurisdictional question arose upon the arrest of an Indian chief, in the Seneca Reservation, named Coonstick, for the killing of his brother, Seneca John, about 1829.

Judge Higgins, in a communication to Knapp's History of the Maumee Valley, gives a full and rather pathetic account of the affair.

It seems that Seneca John had been, by a council of the tribe, found guilty of causing the death of a brother named Comstock, a chief, in order, as was alleged, that he might become chief in his brother's stead, and was sentenced to be executed and his brother, Coonstock was, by the law of the tribe, made his executioner.

This sentence, Coonstock executed with the aid of another brother, named Steel. For this he was arrested and brought before a magistrate, in Lower Sandusky, charged with murder.

The facts being presented to the Supreme Court at Lower Sandusky, it was held that the act was completely within the jurisdiction of the Indian tribe, and that Coonstock was the proper executioner of the judicial sentence and he was accordingly discharged.

No court record of the case appears, but there is no doubt of the correctness of Judge Higgins' account,

as he was familiar with the court proceedings at the time.

At the September terms, 1842, and on September 14, the Grand Jury, of which Charles Lindsey was foreman, returned two indictments for murder in the first degree; one against Joseph Sperry, who lived near Greenspring, for killing his wife, Catharine in a fit of jealous rage, April 9, 1842, by striking her in the temple with a flat-iron. The other indictment was against George Thompson for the killing of a young woman, in the Exchange Hotel at Bellevue, on May 30, 1842, by the name of Catherine Hamler, by shooting her because she refused his offer of marriage.

Sperry was tried at once. He was defended by Homer Everett and N. B. Eddy, Esqrs., the defense being that his wife had accidentally fallen from a ladder in the house, which reached the garret, and had in falling struck her head against the corner of a stone in the fire-place. W. W. Culver was prosecuting attorney and was assisted by Cooper K. Watson, Esq. Judge Bowen and associates McIntyre, Knapp and Overmyer were the judges. The trial lasted five days and the jury found him guilty as charged. He was sentenced to be hung November 2, 1842, and remanded to prison to await his execution. On Sunday, September 30, his two children, a little son and daughter, were taken to the prison to see him for the last time, and in some way he procured a pocket knife from the boy and secretly breaking off and retaining the point of the blade, handed the knife back. With this point of the blade he committed suicide that night by cutting an artery and bleeding to death.

Thompson, his fellow prisoner, witnessed the tragic ending of Sperry's life, but did nothing to prevent it, saying afterwards he would prefer a countryman of his would kill himself than to be hung. They were Englishmen. In opening Court Journal No. 4, at pages 600 and 601, will appear to the left, the record of Sperry's sentence and to the right the probating of his will.

Thompson effected two escapes from prison, and was finally captured at Ottawa, Ill., and in March, 1844,

brought back, and June 20, 1844, was tried, the same judges presiding as in the Sperry case. He was defended by Brice J. Bartlett and Cooper K. Watson, Esqrs., the state was represented by W. W. Culver, prosecuting attorney and L. B. Ottis, Esq. The defense was insanity. Thompson was convicted and sentenced to be hung July 12, 1844, which sentence was carried into effect by John Strohl, sheriff, in the rear of the new court house, which had lately been built. An enclosure, to screen the hanging from public view was erected, but just at the time it was to take place, some reckless persons suddenly tore down this enclosure and the sad spectacle was exposed to the full view of the assembled crowd. The venerable Dr. Beaugrand was present as one of the physicians at the execution, and in a recent conversation with the author of this paper, gave a dramatic picture of the appearance and condition of the prisoner as he saw him in that barbarous subterranean prison, with pallid face and prostrate form, kneeling with the priest just previous to the hanging, a sight, he said, most affecting and never to be forgotten.

At first and for some years there were but few resident lawyers in the county, and the legal business was done mostly by lawyers from other places, who with the president-judge, traveled the circuit from county to county,—not an easy thing in those days of wilderness and swamp.

Judge Higgins, in his *Memories for Knapp's History*, relates an instance of the difficulties sometimes encountered in these itineraries. Court had been held at Findlay; from there their circuit route took them first to Defiance, and from there to Perrysburg. To travel on horseback was almost impossible, so they hired a man to take them through the black swamp direct to Perrysburg, and procuring a canoe, he and his party of lawyers (Rudolphus Dickinson being one), with saddles, bridles, and baggage, descended the Blanchard and Auglaize rivers, a dismal voyage through an unsettled wilderness of sixty miles to Defiance, and from there down the Maumee river to Perrysburg.

Among the itinerant lawyers who

came here, as the Court dockets and papers show, were E. Cook, E. Lane, and Pickett Latimer, Huron county; Jacob Parker, James Purdy, and Andrew Coffinberry, Mansfield; Thomas W. Powell, Delaware, and J. C. Spink, Perrysburg.

Dividing the period from 1820, when the county was organized to 1852, into smaller periods of ten years each, it will be found, from the Court dockets, and papers on file and the names of attorneys appearing therein, that the resident lawyers under the "old system," came to the Bar about, in the order, and within the periods named below. They severally filled the public positions referred to under their names, during or subsequent to the periods mentioned.

1820-1830.

P. R. Hopkins, Clerk of Courts, 1820.

B. F. Drake, Clerk of Courts, 1822.

Increase Graves, Prosecuting Attorney, 1824-27.

Harvey J. Harmon, County Treasurer, 1826-28, and Representative in Legislature, 1831.

Rudolphus Dickinson, Prosecuting Attorney for following counties: Seneca, 1824; Williams, 1826 and Sandusky 1827; member Board of Public Works 1836-45, and member of Congress 1846-9.

Samuel Treat, County Auditor 1830-6; Prosecuting Attorney 1836-38, and Representative in Legislature 1837.

1830-40.

Hiram P. Pettibone, 1835; Asa Calkins, Peter Yates.

William W. Culver, Prosecuting Attorney 1835 and 1838-44.

Nathaniel W. Eddy, County Auditor 1836-8, 1840-2.

William W. Ainger, 1839.

John A. Johnson, 1839.

Ralph P. Buckland, State Senator 1856; General in War of Rebellion and member of Congress 1864-8.

1840-1852.

Brice J. Bartlett, Mayor of Fremont 1850-52, 1855-6. While mayor he caused "Old Betsey," the cannon used by Col. Croghan, in his heroic defense of Fort Stephenson, August 5, 1813, to be brought from Sandusky City, and placed on the spot where the victory, toward which her use so greatly contributed. The cannon had been shipped by the government to

Lower Sandusky, via Sandusky City and was detained at the latter place.

John L. Greene, Sr., Prosecuting Attorney 1850-2; Representative in Legislature 1856, Mayor in 1858, and Common Pleas Judge 1852-7.

Lucius B. Otis, Prosecuting Attorney 1844-30, and Common Pleas Judge 1852-7.

Chester Edgerton, Mayor of Fremont 1847.

Rutherford B. Hayes, City Solicitor Cincinnati 1856-61, General in War of Rebellion, elected member of Congress 1864, re-elected 1866, elected Governor 1867, re-elected 1869, and again elected Governor 1875, and was President of the United States 1877-81.

Homer Everett, Postmaster 1837, Sheriff 1839-43, County Auditor 1848-52, Mayor 1865, State Senator 1868.

Cooper K. Watson. He had lived at Newark two years, at Delaware four years, at Marion five years, four of which he was Prosecuting Attorney, where he lived eight years, in 1850 moved to Tiffin, member of Congress in 1854, in 1870 moved to Norwalk, and was elected a member from Huron county of Constitutional Convention of 1873, and finally moved to Sandusky City and was Common Pleas Judge 1876-1880.

Hiram W. Winslow, Prosecuting Attorney 1864-6, and Representative in Legislature 1870.

A. B. Lindsey, Prosecuting Attorney 1860-4, and 1866-70.

W. H. Reynolds, Postmaster, Clyde, Ohio.

H. Remsburg, Prosecuting Attorney 1874-78.

George W. Glick, member of State Legislature of Kansas, and Governor of State.

Thomas F. Finefrock, Prosecuting Attorney 1856, Representative in Legislature 1858 and Common Pleas Judge 1874-9.

Edward Fenwick Dickinson, Prosecuting Attorney 1852-56, Probate Judge 1866-8, member of Congress 1868-70, Mayor 1871-6, Probate Judge 1877-9, and 1885-91.

George R. Haynes, Common Pleas Judge 1883, and Judge of the Circuit Court from its organization February 9, 1885, to the present time.

Joseph R. Bartlett. He has not

sought nor held public office, but rendered gallant services in the War for the Rebellion as a soldier and officer in 49th Regiment O. V. I. Col. Bartlett, though no longer a young man, is the youngest of the "pioneer" members, and in his life unites the former Bar with the present, and is justly recognized as one of its ablest members.

Of these able and prominent men, Gov. Glick, Atchison, Kansas; Judge Haynes, Toledo, Ohio; Judge Finebrock, Col. Bartlett, and Mr. Edger-ton of Fremont, Ohio, only, survive.

[At the date, 1918, of this Yearbook none survive. From the above named lawyers there came, 8 State Legislators, 5 Congressmen, 2 Governors, 6 Court Judges, 2 Generals and a President of the U. S.]

The Associate Judges were men of influence in the community, and beside their position as judges, several of them held other and important places in county and state.

Judges Fitch, Everett, Newman, Howland, Overmyer and Olmstead, were County Commissioners; Morrison and Hubbard, Clerk of Courts; Everett and Hubbard, Representatives in Legislature; Fitch, County Recorder, and Olmstead, were at different times Sheriff, County Auditor and County Treasurer.

A small record book, 6 by 8 inches, of 260 pages, Journal Vol. 1, contains all the proceedings of the Common Pleas Court from its first term, May 8, 1820, to February 17, 1825.

Pioneer Recollections.

(By Mrs. Maria Tyler Hicks.)

(Dictated to J. Burgner for the Sandusky County Pioneer and Historical Society.)

My grandfather, John W. Tyler, was a shoemaker by trade. He also followed farming and had the pioneer faculty of turning his hand to almost anything. He and his son, Morris Tyler, my father, were soldiers in the American army under Gen. Hull at Detroit, and my grandfather's family lived in that city at the time of Gen. Hull's surrender.

After the war of 1812-13 my grandfather moved to Lower Sandusky.

The family started to move over on the ice, across the west end of Lake Erie, but the ice broke, the horses were drowned, and the household goods nearly all lost. When they finally reached Lower Sandusky by land, they were poorer than they had been in Detroit. My father, Morris Tyler, became a sailor, and was also a boat builder for many years. He built the steamer Ohio and the schooners Buckeye and Home at his shops on the west side of Sandusky river, on the present site of Dr. Price's lumber yard. He also built the brig Columbia at Sandusky City. He was the first owner of these vessels, but hired other parties to run them on the river and lakes. I have still in my possession a Bible that belonged to the steamer Daniel Webster, of which my father was captain. It was then customary for every boat to carry a large Bible. I have also a large mirror that belonged to the same boat. These relics crossed and recrossed the lakes many, many times. My father sailed the Daniel Webster as long it was run. He also sailed the Constitution and the Constellation for a short time as captain. During the war with Canada the Daniel Webster was chartered to the Canadians to run between Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago for one year. The Canadians painted her black, and then she was never allowed to run. Her wood-work was burned to get the iron.

I was born in Lower Sandusky, O., November 17, 1824, a daughter of Morris and Elta Bristol Tyler. I have lived in this place (now Fremont) the greater part of my life, and always regarded it as my home. I was born in a log house which stood on the present site of Heim & Barnum's store. Here my mother died when I was 4 years old. My father then broke up house keeping and I was sent to Sandusky City to live with my aunt, Mrs. Porter, about three years. On the 8th of January, 1832, my father married Miss Sophia Bristol, and I returned to this place. I had five brothers but no sisters. Charles E. Tyler was the eldest, and is said to have been the first white child born in Sandusky county. My school privileges were better than those of children in the country

among the farmers. I first attended school a short time in Sandusky City, and on my return went to school in the first log school house in this place, which stood directly west of what is now Dr. Wilson's residence on Croghan street. That log cabin was torn down a few years later and a stone building erected in which I went to school several years. I also attended school on the east side of the river, not far from the bridge, which was taught by Miss Narcissa Topping. After that I went to school awhile in the old Court House on the hill, which was later used as a parsonage by Rev. Henry Lang, pastor of the Lutheran Church, and up to the present time has been used as a parsonage, and is the present residence of Rev. Mochel. It stands as a venerable landmark on the brow of a hill, north of Fort Stephenson Park, west of Arch street, and between Croghan street and State street. After this I was again sent to Sandusky, this time to attend a so-called academy. The school was held in a building which was later used as a courthouse. There were two lady teachers, the Misses McNeil. Here is where I first saw a piano. To me it was a great curiosity to see and a greater curiosity to hear. My studies were only in the common branches.

In 1832, there was a great flood in the Sandusky river, which covered all the flats from hill to hill, and did much damage. It tore away all the timbers of the first bridge over the Sandusky river and brought down much ice and driftwood which lodged along the shore and on the flats. The cakes of ice were packed so solid in the river bed where the bridge had been that passengers who came on the stage coaches from east to west made their transfers on foot over the ice for about a week. When the ice moved out travellers were taken across the river in log canoes or dug-outs. Some people forded the river near the rapids back of the residence of Judge Bell, a short distance below the present site of the L. S. E. power house. Here a foot bridge was made of single planks laid on cross pieces resting on poles driven into the river bed. This was a great convenience until the bridge could be rebuilt.

Meanwhile those who crossed with teams had to ford the river, as best they could.

Our family at the time of this flood lived in a frame house that stood a little west of the log house in which I was born. It had only two rooms below and two above, and would now be considered very narrow quarters for a family of ten. There was my father and step-mother, my grandfather and grandmother, four children, a hired girl, my uncle Isaac Tyler, and a Dr. Brown. The water came within an inch of our lower floor. In one corner of the room stood a hogshead filled with oats for Isaac, Tyler's horse, which had been injured by the floating ice so that he had to be taken into the house for treatment. An owl came to roost in the house and sat on the top of the oats barrel. During the flood one of my brothers pushed his smaller brother out of the door into the rushing waters and grandfather was obliged to wade into the water up to his arm pits to rescue the boy. Many other incidents of a like character occurred almost daily. The streets were not graded as they are now. At one time a large ice floe lodged between our house and the river. On this we found a man's overcoat, a barrel of cranberries and a bread box. We took possession of these articles the same as if they had been drift wood. In order to milk the cows we had to cross over in a canoe to where they were kept. For safety our bee-hive was stored away in the attic of the house.

My father, Morris Tyler, bought out Brown's store. Among our near neighbors were the families of Lysander Ball, Dr. Rawson and the Olmsteads that lived along the river, north of us. Mrs. Ball and my mother were great friends. They used their butter bowl and churn turn about. The habit of borrowing and lending was much more common among the pioneers than it is at present, and though seemingly economical it often led to unpleasant results among neighbors.

I forgot to mention that on the night of my stepmother's return from her wedding "tower," as it was called, in November, 1833, as if to celebrate the event, occurred the great

meteoric shower known as the "falling stars." This frightened many people who thought that the end of the world had come. We were told that the stage drivers on the Maumee Pike tore clothes into strings to blind their horses, as the bright light blinded them so that they would not go. This remarkable fiery snow storm lasted from about three o'clock in the morning till day light, when it became invisible.

I have been asked to tell what I know of old Fort Stephenson. I do not recollect seeing any of the pickets standing. They must have been dug out or rotted away before my time. I saw a large ditch running from Arch street up Croghan past the present site of Dr. Wilson's residence up to that of the Presbyterian church. It must have been ten or twelve feet deep, and it was so wide that the school children could not jump across. Some of the boys could clear it by taking a running jump. At the upper end there was a shallow pond of water which in winter "afforded us a sliding place just seventy years ago."

Some one asked me, "Did you see Indians?" Well, I guess I did. I saw many of them. They used to come here from Upper Sandusky, Fort Seneca and Old Fort, on their ponies when they made their yearly trip to Canada to get their bounty money from the British. They often left their ponies here or at Port Clinton, and crossed the west end of the lake in canoes or boats. On their return they would be very liberal in the use of their money, especially when drunk. I remember one Indian named "Pewter Shins" who lived in a tent at Fort Seneca, and often came here to trade. He sometimes got beastly drunk, and then he was troublesome. I remember that one time when he was going along one side of the street Dr. Peter Beaugrand, who was fond of jokes, called to him from across the way in his jovial manner, "Peter Shins! Peter Shins!" The Indian got mad in a minute and ran after the Doctor muttering vengeance. The doctor ran down to Husted & Dickinson's store (present site of Amey's) and dodged in, and ran to

the back end of the store where he was allowed to escape by the back door. When the Indian got into the store the back door had been locked, for there was no telling what the drunken Indian might have done when angry. The queer antics of Pewter Shins often caused much merriment in the village. Mr. George Grant, the merchant, would sometimes dress up this Indian in a dudish manner, with a high standing collar, a swallow tailed coat and an old sword dangling by his side. Thus attired, the Indian would strut up and down the road with all the assumed dignity of a lieutenant general.

I knew another Indian named Hard Hickory, who lived at Sandusky. His wife used to wear side-combs in imitation of the white squaws. I often sat in her lap when she stopped at Mr. Porters.

Hard Hickory and his wife were known far and wide in the Sandusky valley. They were good Indians.

What kind of clothing did we wear? Well, it was very plain. We surely did not have much broad cloth and fine linen. There were no sewing machines then, and all the clothes were hand made. For rough work the men wore tanned buckskin pantaloons and coarse woolen coats. The women and girls dresses and pantalets. Mother often told me that when she lived in Riley township they had to give four bushels of corn for one yard of calico. She made her own bonnets from the fibers of wood which was prepared by pounding blocks or sticks of the wood until it separated into fibers and could then be braided like straw. Boys' hats were also made from the same material. The women also wore a kind of bonnet called "callashes," which stuck forward of the face and looked like a small sized buggy top. The stiffening was made of ratan. Afterward they wore what was called "Shakers," but these shut out sight and hearing, and the wearer would have to turn clear 'round to see anybody. They were intended to keep off the sun and to prevent getting sun-burnt but they were hot as an oven on a hot day, and were soon discarded. Some of these shakers were worn in the winter time, and for that purpose were lined with

woolens to suit the fancy of the wearer.

One of the largest gatherings I ever saw in Lower Sandusky was when General Wm. Henry Harrison was running for president in 1840. People came here in large delegations from all parts of the surrounding country. We had what was called a "barbecue" or ox-roast, and there was great enthusiasm among the Whigs who "hurrahed for Harrison and the Locofocos who hurrahed for Van Buren. As Gen. Harrison had won a victory over the Indians at the Battle of Tippecanoe, they now called him "Tip," for short, and one of the songs of that day had these words:

"Go it, Tip, and come it, Tyler,
And we'll bust Van Buren's biler."

John Tyler was running for vice president on the Whig ticket. Another version of that campaign song was,

"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too;
With them we'll beat little Van,
Van, Van, Van, You're a used up
man."

The speaker of the day on that memorable occasion was Hon. Eleutherus Cook, a noted lawyer of Sandusky City. I saw and heard him speak. He stood upon a raised platform on the east side of the old fort property, opposite the present site of the Malt Works building. He was quite eloquent and held the audience spell-bound. They repeatedly cheered him with thunderous applause. He and his wife stopped over night with my father's family.

Pioneer Sketch.

By J. P. Moore.

I will start my story at the battle of Monmouth, N. J., in 1778. Any information relating to the history of events in the Maumee Valley seems proper to mention here. The soldiers who were with Wayne in his campaign against the Indians were neighbors of my grandfather, raised in York and Lancaster counties, Pa. George Washington, Park Curtis mentions in his "Memoirs of the Camp-fire Talks of

Washington and his Compatriots at Mt. Vernon," an incident of Washington at the battle of Monmouth having to do with the soldiers referred to. When he thought it necessary to sacrifice part of his army to save the rest, he called on Col. Hartley of York, who he knew commanded a fine regiment raised in York and Lancaster counties, to hold a point at all hazards thus securing the preservation of his army.

After Washington had sent Gens. Hamer and St. Clair against the Indians which resulted in the defeat of these generals, history tells us Washington was highly incensed at St. Clair for allowing his army to be surprised by the Indians. He then appointed Gen. Anthony Wayne to lead an army against the Indians. Fifteen hundred of the soldiers comprising Wayne's army were raised in York and Lancaster counties and were under the command of Gen. Henry Miller of York, Pa.

My great grandfather, Peter Moore, was a member of the 7th Battalion, 7th Co., York County Militia in the Revolutionary War. Eight battalions were kept up during the continuance of the war and for some time after. Adams county at that time was included in York.

There was a tradition in Pa., as told me by my father, that Washington had some of his generals draw plans of battles, and in his exercise he asked Wayne where his line of retreat was marked. Wayne replied: "I want no line of retreat." "You are the general to fight the Indians," said Washington.

The first time I visited Ft. Meigs was in 1845. I went fishing in the Maumee river with a son of a Revolutionary soldier, who carried a flag at the battle of Long Island and unhorsed a British Dragoon with the spear on his flag staff; helped capture the 900 Hessians taken at Trenton. On our way home we talked with a Mr. Gilbert, another soldier of the Revolution, living in the Maumee Valley. Mr. Gilbert was one of the guards on duty at the execution of Major Andre.

You see, I took an early interest in the stirring events of the history of our country. In June, 1870, I brought with me to a reunion of old soldiers at

Ft. Meigs, Mr. David Deal, one of the number. Col Tod, of Kentucky, 79 years old, delivered the address on the site of the fort. There were 47 old soldiers gathered here upon this occasion, mostly from Kentucky. At this time I had a long talk with Peter P. Memfee of Kentucky. He was taken prisoner at the surprise and defeat of Winchester at the battle of the Raisen.

In his speech Col. Tod said it was true that Gen. Harrison sent a dispatch to Gen. Winchester telling him to wait and form a junction with him on the Maumee, for, said he, "I carried that dispatch myself." Col. Tod modestly told he was one of the party who ran down Gen. Proctor and captured his carriage at the battle of the Thames, Proctor saving himself by flight on horseback. The plunder of that battle was brought to Lower Sandusky (now Fremont) among which was Proctor's carriage. Thos. L. Hawkins (Quarter Master) told me he used to hitch oxen to it and had some nice rides. Ex-President Hayes told me he came within two days of getting the iron from an axle of that carriage which was used in a saw mill in Central Ohio, but it was carried off by a junk dealer.

The old soldiers at the reunion referred to, took dinner in Maumee and at the afternoon meeting M. R. Waite (afterwards Chief Justice of the U. S.) presided. Ex-Lieut. Governor John C. Lee, delivered an address in which he attempted to whitewash Gen. Hull's surrender (the traitor part of it). To show their dissent from what he said the old soldiers hissed him to a man, though 58 years had passed since the event.

At 5 o'clock Mr. M. R. Waite made a short speech adjourning the meeting to go by boat to Toledo where the old soldiers were invited to take tea with Mrs. Hall, daughter of Col. Oliver at the Oliver House. We had a pleasant trip down the river. Remember this was 57 years after the siege of Ft. Meigs. It was very interesting to hear the old soldiers call each other by their boy names, My, neighbor, David Deal, and the two Davis brothers were messmates. One 6 feet tall, a Kentuckian, 84 years old, wore his farmer blouse. He said he

came to Lexington and they took him along as he was dressed. It was a very hot day in June. I stood by a lemonade stand and paid for all the drinks while there. The old soldiers said I surely must be a Kentuckian. This was a wilderness when they were here, 1813, to help drive the savages and their British allies from Ohio. They viewed the change 57 years had made in the appearance of the country with amazement. I knew some of the Purdy family who planted the corn on the bottom, below the fort. They fled the day before the Indians came, but their friends who remained told them they had left five days before, or the Indians would have followed them. They had one heavy yoke of oxen and a yoke of steers; the old oxen gave out the first half day but the young steers saved them as they did not tire out. Purdy's daughter had married a Frenchman who was raised among the Indians so they did not have to flee. The boys at the fort tried to make hominy out of Purdy's corn as they saw their mothers make it, but they did not know it had to be soaked in lye. They boiled it a long time but it would not get tender.

Basil Meek, Capt. A. J. Hale and Grant Forgerson were appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions to the memory of Dr. Jas. W. Wilson.

In Memory of Dr. Wilson.

Basil Meek, of the committee, reported as follows:

Since the last annual meeting the venerable and honored president of this society, and a charter member of the same, has passed away.

Dr. James W. Wilson was born in New Berlin, Union county, Pennsylvania, February 1, 1816, and died at his home in the city of Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio, July 21, 1904, being of the age of 88 years, 5 months and 20 days. He was a pioneer in the true sense, coming to this county and locating as a physician, in Lower Sandusky, July 24, 1839, in which profession he enjoyed a very large practice until 1858, at which time he retired on account of impaired health, brought

about by overwork and exposure in his labors as a physician. Not alone his eminent skill, but his marked geniality of disposition and kindness in manner, as well, made him a most welcome visitor to the bedside of his patients. A prominent citizen, who knew him well as a physician, and who had been a patient of his in former years, was, on the occasion of his death, heard to say that Dr. Wilson's presence in the room of a patient was a real benediction to the sufferer. He was a genial and delightful companion and very cordial in his social relations with his friends and acquaintances.

Dr. Wilson, on retiring from active practice of medicine, engaged in the banking business, first with the banking house of Birchard, Miller & Co., and finally in the First National bank of Fremont, of which he was at his death, and had been for many years, president and principal stockholder. He was successful in his financial affairs and amassed a large fortune, but it can be truthfully said of him that no dishonest methods in business were used by him and no ill-gotten gains can be charged to his account.

He was a man of strong religious convictions, and consistent in carrying them out, as his long services as a member of St. Paul's Episcopal church in this city will testify, being, as he was, the first male member confirmed therein, and for 50 years a vestryman and for more than 40 years senior warden of the same, always prompt and faithful in his obligations as a member. Dr. Wilson was and had been for many years president and an active supporter of the Sandusky county Bible society. In his death this association has lost one of its earliest and most honored members, and the county and city, where he so long resided, a most respected and useful citizen. His faithful wife, Mrs. Nancy Wilson, a daughter of the late Judge Justice, of the city, the partner of his labors and joys for more than sixty years, from the year 1841, the date of their marriage, preceded him to the spirit land but a few months. She was also an active member of this society, and in this brief memorial her name is

to be recorded with his, and both are held in affectionate remembrance by us all.

The treasurer reported a balance on hand from last year of \$6.23; received during year \$46.60, a total of \$52.83.

Pioneer Sketch.

As the time approaches for our annual Pioneer Picnic my mind runs back seventy-five years and more. My father came to the Black Swamp Dec. 24, 1824 and settled on the Portage river. My earliest recollections were made here in the Black Swamp. I can, but contrast that time with the present when almost an unbroken wilderness existed from the Sandusky to the Maumee river with but six families of white people living on the Portage river.

The first public improvement was the Maumee turnpike from Lower Sandusky to Perrysburg. It was a miracle to both the white people and the Indians to cut and burn all the timber on a strip of land 120 feet wide over 30 miles long through the Black Swamp. This mud turnpike was completed in 1829. When we came here there were four tribes of Indians that roamed through the wilderness, the Ottawas, Senecas, Wyandots and Tauwas as well as numerous wild animals. Often when on our way from the Portage to Sandusky with team it was common to see droves of deer come out of the woods into this, the biggest opening in Black Swamp where they could see more than a mile. As the deer were not afraid of oxen we could drive close to them.

The Black Swamp for many years continued to be sparsely settled. The General Government offered liberal inducements to settlers, choice of lands for \$1.25 an acre free from taxes for five years.

It needed men of iron, indomitable will and courage to succeed for those unfit for such a life soon went away or went down in the struggle.

The Black Swamp became settled with a class of men unexcelled for hardihood, courage and independence. Many of those men and women were persons of education and refinement

and although they had left the luxuries of former days behind them they did not leave their culture and religion. Some preachers of the gospel came. I will name a few of those worthies, Jacob Bowlus, Jesse Prior, Thomas White, Hawkins, Israel Smith, Michael Long and Israel Herrington. All of these good men I have heard preach in our private log cabins and leafy groves.

In the year 1842 we built a log house 24 by 30 feet where Elmore now is and called it the United Brethren Meeting house.

The poverty of the frontier caused all to engage in a common struggle. It begat a hearty sympathy and co-operation which lightened burdens of each. The poverty of the frontier was indeed no poverty. It was but the beginning of wealth and had the boundless possibilities of the future always opening before it. No one can grow up in the agricultural regions of the west where house raising or even corn husking is a matter of common interest and helpfulness with any other feeling than that of broad minded generous independence. No manly man feels any thing of shame when he looks back to early struggles with adverse circumstances, and no man feels a worthier pride than when he has conquered the obstacles that beset him in poverty.

I have seen this country an unbroken wilderness—now a beautiful, fertile and healthful part of the State of Ohio. I can, but contrast the present with the past as I saw it 75 years ago.

Robert H. Luckey.

Pioneers Registered.

J. Burgner, the efficient secretary of the Sandusky County Pioneer and Historical Society kindly arranged the list of the pioneers who registered at the reunion.

Abbott, Mrs. Geo.
Albert, Mrs. Margaret
Anderson, J. H.

Bauman, Mrs. H. E.
Baskey, Albert

Benner, J. D.
Bowlus, H. R.
Bowman, Rev. W. A.
Bonam, Mrs. J. J.
Burgoon, I. H.
Burgoon, David
Bickford, Mrs. M. E.
Burgoon, Cynthia
Brim, J. J.
Burgner, Jacob

Carr, Haman
Carr, Mrs. Haman
Cavalier, Mrs. P. F.
Cavalier, P. F.
Coe, Richard
Coe, Mrs. R.
Coe, Polly
Coe, Mrs. Mary
Coe, Mary J.

Doll, Samuel
Dirlam, Frank

Engler, Mrs. N.
England, Theodore
England, Mrs. T.

Feasel, John H.
Forgerson, Mrs. Grant
Forgerson, Mrs. Thomas
Finefrock, T. P.
Fitch, F. L.
Feasel, Mrs. Martha
Fought, Mrs. Jerry
Fowler, M. G.

Gerber, E. F.
Gephart, Valentine
Gephart, Rebecca

Hale, A. J.
Havens, Hugh
Havens, Mrs. H.
Hawser, Mrs. Joseph
Harris, Mrs. C. A.
Herrington, Mrs. Julia
Hess, Lurena
Hollinshead, Wm.
Hollinshead, Mrs. W.
Hite, Samuel
Hite, Mrs. Samuel
Hone, Mrs. Hanna M.

Jaeger, Gust
Jaeger, Mrs. G.
Jackson, Wm.
Jackson, Mrs. Wm.

Kohler, Mrs. Charles

Klinger, J. H.
Kline, Andrew
Klotz, Philip
Kramb, Mrs. Elizabeth
Kuns, Samuel

Loveberry, Mrs. J. D.
Loveberry, J. D.
Luckey, R. H.
Luse, Dr. J. W.

Maurer, G. W.
Meek, Basil V.
Miller, H. W.
Moore, J. P.
Moore, Mrs. J. P.
Mohn, J. B.
Mohn, Mrs. J. B.
Mooney, Mrs. L.
Mooney, Luther
Mooney, Mrs. Maria
McKeever, Mrs. J.
Mooney, David
McGormley, Mrs. L. J.

Nickles, Mrs. Sarah
Nuhfer, A. C.

Overmyer, B. B.
Overmyer, Mrs. B. B.

Parks, J. L.
Parks, Mrs. Mary A.
Parks, W. G.
Parks, Mrs. W. G.
Parkhurst, P. W.
Peters, A.

Rhodes, Rachel
Rafferty, Mrs. Felix
Russell, T. N.
Russell, Mrs. T. N.

Seager, Mrs. C.
Schell, A.
Schell, Mrs. Elizabeth
Shoup, Mrs. Jennie B.
Stull, Geo.
Stull, Mrs. Ellen
Shutts, John
Short, J. W.
Shively, G. A.
Streeter, Albert
Streeter, Mrs. A.
Smith, Mrs. Christian
Smith, Mrs. M. J.
Smith, Mrs. D. S.

Tucker, H. H.
Tucker, Mrs. Susannah
Tucker, Mrs. Martha
Tucker, N. R.
Tucker, Mrs. N. R.
Tischler, Mrs. Louisa
Tyler, Wm. H.
Tyler, Mrs. Wm. H.
Tolles, Mrs. Mary A.

Warriner, Mrs. P. B.
Walters, A. R.
Whitmore, Mrs. Mary
Williams, Harrison
Winters, Mrs. Ann
Wolf, A. J.

Zink, Levi

Conspiracy of Nicolas.

Authority for the facts contained in this sketch may be found in Knapp's "History of the Maumee Valley."

The fact that Nicolas lived and formed his conspiracy in the region closely connected with Lower Sandusky makes any information relating to his plot of special interest to us, being a part of the early history of this region so full as it is of important historic events.

Nicolas was a distinguished Wyandot chief, who lived on the shores of the Bay of Sandusky. A great plot was formed in 1745, of which he was the leader, for a general extermination of the French power by the destruction of their forts and trading points and the massacre of the French in the west. Seventeen tribes are reported as having joined the movement including the powerful, energetic and unscrupulous Miamis, who having been in some way offended by the French at Detroit had removed from the Detroit river to the north side of the Sandusky Bay where they settled and as stated entered into the plot of Nicolas as their chief.

A party of English traders from Pennsylvania visited the village of Nicolas and were received with marked attention by him. He had become an enemy of the French and a friend of the English and notwithstanding that as between the French, under whose dominion the northwest then was held, and the English had no right to do so, he permitted them to erect a large block house at its principal town on the bay and to remain and dispose of their stock. Once located the English acquired great influence, always exercised to the injury of the French. In June 1747 a party of five Frenchmen arrived at the Sandusky town from the west with their peltries. Being unaware of the presence of the English traders, or the enmity of Nicolas, they suspected no other than kind treatment.

But Nicolas was angry because they came without first obtaining his consent, and at the request of the English traders he caused the five Frenchmen to be tomahawked and seized their peltries and disposed of them to the English traders. In Au-

gust, 1747, Nicolas proceeded to carry out his plot which had been maturing for two years or more.

Detroit and the upper French posts were to be destroyed and the white inhabitants massacred. Offensive operations were to commence at once by a party of Wyandots, who were to sleep in the fort and houses at Detroit as they had often done before, and in the night each was to kill the people where he lodged. The general work of destruction had been parcellled out to the different tribes engaged in the conspiracy in their respective countries which included all the country northwest of the Ohio to the Mississippi river. The plot was accidentally discovered. A party of Detroit Wyandots had struck too soon by the murder of a Frenchman in the forest near Detroit. The chiefs, fearing the discovery of their plans by this premature murder, held a council in one of their homes, and while they were in council a squaw of one of the chiefs in going to the garret for some corn overheard the details of their murderous designs. She hastened to the Jesuit Priest in Detroit and informed him of what she had overheard, who in turn gave information to the commandant and he to the Canadian governor, who inaugurated movements resulting in the overthrow of the conspiracy, which after the commission of many murders and much plundering by the conspirators was finally accomplished in 1748.

Nicolas sued for pardon, which he and the Sandusky Wyandots received under pledge of loyalty to the French authorities.

In April, 1748, Nicolas abandoned the Sandusky Bay country, but previous to his departure he destroyed the villages on the bay and also the fort, and at the head of over 100 warriors and their families left for the White river country in what is now the state of Indiana and from whence he finally settled in the Illinois country on the Ohio river near the Indiana line, where he died in the fall of 1748.

Notwithstanding the seeming discrepancy as to dates, the block house Nicolas permitted the English traders to build was probably on the site, and was the origin of the English fort on the bay known as Fort Sandusky,

which was destroyed at the outbreak of the Pontiac Conspiracy in 1763, and which is said to have been built in 1745 and establishes the fact that the fort was built on the north side of Sandusky Bay.

BASIL MEEK.

EARLY ELECTIONS OF THE YEARS 1815-1816.

Township elections were held in Lower Sandusky township in Huron county, while this region was within the civil jurisdiction of that county. The first was on August 15, 1815 for the election of township officers but no record of the names of voters is now to be found. At the next election, which was held Oct. 10, 1815, there were 28 votes cast, the names of the voters being the following:

Wm. Andrews, Daniel McFarland, Wm. Ford, Randall Jerome, Moses Nichols, Joseph Done, Jonathan Jerome, Thomas D. Knapp, Antoine Laurent, Joseph Momine, John M. Clung, James Whitaker, (son of the captive); Peter Menare, Elisha Harrington, Thoda A. Rexford, Asa Stoddard, Israel Harrington, Jeremiah Everett, Anthony Arndt, Obediah Morton, Joel Thomas, Pelig Cooley, Isaac Lee, Charles B. Fitch, Henry Disbrow, Nathaniel Camp, Samuel Avery, Lewis Leonard.

A township election was held October, 1816, at which 33 votes were cast, the names of the voters being the following:

Wm. Andrews, Thoda A. Rexford, Joseph Harris, Obediah Morton, Wm. Avery, Almeron Sands, Samuel Avery, Hugh B. McKner, Aaron Forgerson, John Robinson, Thomas L. Hawkins, W. S. Drake, Jeremiah Everett, Thos. D. Knapp, Wm. Downs, Ruel Loomis, Morris A. Newman, Holsey Forgerson, John W. Tyler, Moses Nichols, Daniel McFarland, Thomas Brown, Peleg Cooley, John Cooley, Jonathan Jerome, Charles B. Fitch, Daniel Hill, Israel Harrington, Joshua Davies, John Payne, Thomas Forgerson, Aaron Willis, David Gallagher.

Voters at First Election for County Officers in Sandusky County, April 3, 1820.

There were then only two precincts in the county, one on the west side of the river, known as Sandusky township, the other on the East side named Croghan township. These embraced all of the county which then included what are now Seneca and Ottawa counties, with the area of what is now in Lucas county, Oregon and Jerusalem townships. There were 118 votes cast in Sandusky township and 57 in Croghan. Total vote 175.

The names of those in Sandusky township were the following:

Josiah Gale, Israel Harrington, Joseph Russell, George F. Bostwick, Joseph Perry, Phineas Frary, James Manning, Robert Reynolds, Michael Andrews, Francis Sprague, Thomas P. Reynolds, William Norris, William Lewis, Oliver Mitten, Laurence Linde, John McClung, George Shanon, Stephen Griswold, Joshua Davis, William Chester, Elijah Ridsen, Holsy Forgerson, Asa B. Gavitt, Alexander Sands, Seldon Champion, John D. Reynolds, Stephen Moore, Ezra Sprague, Josiah Rumery, John Holbrook, T. A. Rexford, Elisha E. Reynolds, Thomas Forgerson, John Woolcott, Samuel Cochran, Chas. B. Fitch, David Cochran, James Paxton, William Jones, Henry Thomas, William Sprague, John Prior, Preserved Hall, Enos Thomas, Moses Jewell, William Drew, Martin Olds, Peter Holbrook, Elijah Brayton, James Clark, Joseph Chaffer, James Gallagher, Joseph Seaton, William Chard, William Rion, Jesse S. Olmsted, Erastus Bowe, Jacques Hulburt, Daniel McNutt, James Dunlap, James Wilson, Thomas DeMars, Charles Druvon, Jeremiah Everett, P. Bisnette, Thomas Radcliff, Joseph Momina, Timothy S. Smith, Alexander McNutt, Gabriel LaPointe, Warner Stripe, Oliou Granger, John Weaver, George Airs, Daniel Rice, Thomas Nicholson, Nicholas Whittinger, C. C. Barney, James Chard, Joseph Bates, Curtis Ball, John W. Tyler, John Drury, J. H. Jerome, George Holloway, Edward W. Benton, Reuben Robertson, Geo. G. Olmsted, Benjamin Collins, West Barney, John H. Jewett, Warren Jewett, R. Van Waggoner, Caleb Rice, Benjamin Barney, Eliphalet Rogers, Moses Nichols, Wm. Morrison, Sanford Maine, Pardon Wilson, David Galla-

gher, Reuben Bristol, William Graham, Ellerd Bristol, Aaron Forgeron, Silas Lockhart, Harvey Westfall, Wm. Greenwood, Samuel Crouch, E. W. Howland, Joseph Keeler, Henry Bostwick, Robert Harvey, James Kirk, Cyrus Cole, Calvin Leeson, David Harrold, E. A. Goodwin.

Names in Croghan township were:

Thomas Dickey, Thomas M. Donovan, John Hawk, William Night, Isaac B. Cooley, John D. Davis, James Maxwell, Patrick Snee, Thomas Brown, John White, Orrison Perry, Thomas Bennett, Hugh Knox, Willis E. Brown, Jordan M. Aye, Thomas Emerson, Ruel Loomis, George Davis, Joseph Parmeter, Ransom Purdy, Jeremiah Webb, Abram Bennett, Cyrus Wright, Aaron Noble, Abraham Bennett, Jr., Jacob Parrish, Major Purdy, John Fiddler, Thomas Webb, Isaac Prior, Charles Wilky, John Lay, Martin Hicks, Winson Smith, John L. Reeves, James Hopkins, Thomas Black, Abraham Babcock, Peleg Cooley, Moses Wilson, Andrew McNutt, Joseph Parrish, Jesse Benton, Wm. Cunningham, Jared H. Minor, Abraham Morrison, John Kuykendall, William Barker, Guy Dudley, Eleazer Davis, Joseph Iacon, Samuel Baker, John Cooley, James Nugent, James Rior, Abijah Jason, Morris A. Newman.

The officers elected were:

Willis E. Brown, Sheriff; Oliver Graven, Coroner.

Morris A. Newman, Jeremiah Everett, and Moses Nicholls, County Commissioners.

The above is taken from the original poll books on file in the County Clerk's office.

BIRCHARD LIBRARY.

This institution, so invaluable to Fremont and Sandusky county, noted in its last annual report the completion of its forty-third year of service, with its endowment fund of \$25,000 invested in Liberty Bonds. A bequest of \$2000 for building purposes was received from a former trustee, Dr. M. Stamm, and several valuable gifts made to the museum. Inventory, after a considerable weeding out of books,

shows almost 14,000 on the shelves, well catalogued.

Additions for the past year number 1,752. Circulation 42,436 books, of which 20,700 were juvenile. Readers and students numbered something over 20,000. Work with school children and teachers has been most encouraging. Posters for the alcoves were designed and made by pupils in the schools.

The museum in the balcony is one of the library's greatest assets and its displays are more and more coordinated with the work of the library. Miss Ethel M. Knapp, graduate of Western Reserve Library School and former cataloguer of the Indiana State University is librarian; Miss Helen Keller, 1st assistant. The Trustees are Chas. Thompson, president; Geo. W. Haynes, Treasurer; Webb C. Hayes, J. B. Coonrod, J. M. Sherman, the Mayor and Superintendent of schools, R. P. Hayes nonresident, with Miss Lucy E. Keeler, Secretary.

James Whitaker's Rescue of Peggy Fleming.

Charles Johnston, a Virginian of some prominence, was made a prisoner by the Indians on the Ohio river in 1790 and with a female prisoner named Peggy Fleming, was brought here. In a narrative by him published by J. & J. Harper, New York, in 1827, he says: "When we reached Lower Sandusky a great degree of consternation prevailed there, produced by the incidents of the preceding day and the morning then recently passed. The three Cherokees who had possession of Peggy Fleming had conducted her to a place where they encamped, within a quarter of a mile from the town; it was immediately rumored that they were there with a white female captive. The traders residing in the town instantly determined to visit the camp of the Cherokees to see her. Among them was a man whose name was Whitaker, and who has been carried into captivity from the white settlements on Fish creek in Pennsylvania by the Wyandots in his early life and though naturalized by his captors retained some predilection for the whites. The influence which

he had acquired with his tribe was such that they had promoted him to the rank of a chief and his standing with them was high. His business had led him frequently to Pittsburg, where the father of Peggy Fleming then kept a tavern in which Whitaker had been accustomed to lodge and board. As soon as he appeared he was recognized by the daughter of his old landlord and she addressed him by name and earnestly supplicated him to save her from the grasp of her savage proprietors. Without hesitation he acceded. Whitaker had won the sympathy and friendly co-operation of Tarhe, the principal chief, by the ruse that Peggy was his sister. Tarhe went immediately to the camp of the Cherokees, and informed them that their prisoner was the sister of a friend of his and desired as a favor that they would make a present to him of Peggy Fleming, whom he wished to restore to her brother, but they rejected his request. He then proposed to purchase her; this they also refused with bitterness, telling him that he was no better than the white people and that he was as mean as dirt. He was greatly exasperated and went back to the town and told Whitaker what had been his reception and declared his intention to take her from the Cherokees by force, but fearing such an act might be productive of war between his nation and theirs, urged Whitaker to raise the necessary sum for her redemption. Whitaker, with the assistance of other traders at the town, immediately made up the requisite amount in silver brooches. Early next morning Tarhe, attended by eight or ten warriors, marched out to the camp of the Cherokees, where they were found asleep, while their forlorn captive was securely fastened in a state of utter nakedness, to a stake and her body painted black, an indication always decisive that death is the doom of the captive. Tarhe, with his knife, cut the cords by which she was bound, delivered to her her clothing, and after she was dressed awakened them and, throwing down the silver brooches, the value of her ransom, they bore off the terrified girl to his town and delivered her to Whitaker, who after a few days sent her disguised to her home at Pittsburg under the care of two trusty

Wyandots." The narrative proceeds to state that the Cherokees were so incensed at her rescue that they entered the town, threatening vengeance, walking about painted as for war. All the whites except Whitaker, who was considered as one of the Wyandots, assembled at night in the same house, provided with weapons of defense, continuing together until the next morning, when the Cherokees disappeared.

It is further stated in the narrative that "Whitaker fought against the Americans when Gen. Wayne defeated the Indians at the rapids of the Miami of the lakes and has been dead many years." King Crane (Tarhe) acted the same part at the same time; but in the war of 1813 he bore arms on our side and fought for us at the battle of Thames. He died eight or ten years ago." Whitaker would doubtless have done as his principal chief, Tarhe, did if then alive, the Wyandots being generally friendly to the Americans in that war.

The narrator Johnston, further says: "Lower Sandusky was to me distinguished by another circumstance. It was the residence of an Indian widow whose former husband I had been destined to succeed if the Mingo (in whose custody he had for a time been) had been permitted to retain and dispose of me according to his intentions. I felt an irresistible curiosity to have a view of this female, and it was my determination to find her dwelling and see her there, if no other opportunity should occur. She was at last pointed out to me as she walked about the village, and I could not help chuckling at my escape from the fate which had been intended for me. She was old, ugly and disgusting."

(Meek's History, page 74.)

One Hundred Years Old.

Extensive arrangements which had been made to celebrate the 100th birthday of Sylvanus P. Parker of Clyde at the Sandusky Soldiers' Home hospital last Sunday, were frustrated by an order closing the home to visitors on account of the influenza scare. However, the aged veteran had a number of visitors, including his

wife from Clyde, his sons Henry M. Parker of Toledo and LeRoy Parker of Lorain, with the latter's son, and Jacob Heckman of Indiana. They found the centenarian in good health and spirits and greatly interested in the developments of the war, especially in view of the fact that he was born in Strasburg, Alsace, which at that time was a part of France. He came to America when two years old. He spent his early life in New York and Rhode Island and was a famous horse trainer. He came to Ohio about 1850, and when the war broke out enlisted at Fremont in Co. F., 169th O. V. I. He was honorably discharged Sept. 4, 1864. After the war he moved to Clyde, where he made his residence until he went to the Soldiers' home.

While feeble physically, Mr. Parker has a wonderfully retentive memory, can read well without the aid of glasses and writes a splendid hand. "He is considered one of the most remarkable men that ever lived at the Soldiers' home and is popular among his comrades," says the Columbus Dispatch.

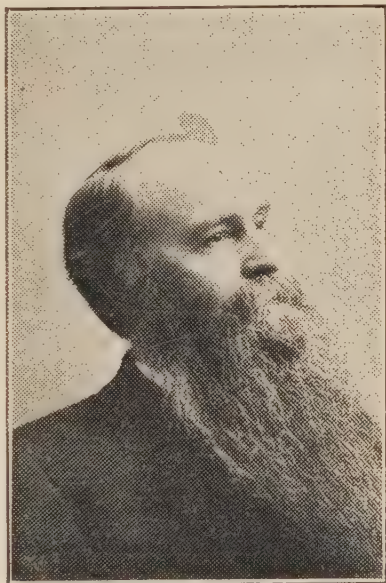
Francis M. Ginn.

After a long illness due to the infirmities of age, F. M. Ginn passed away Friday morning, Nov. 15, 1918, at his home on Buckeye street at the age of 86 years.

The funeral was held on Sunday afternoon at Grace Episcopal church, conducted by Rev. Hugol Selinger of Bellevue, interment being made in McPherson cemetery. There was a wealth of beautiful floral tributes. The pallbearers were G. P. Huntley, G. W. Sutch, Bert T. Wales, L. M. Persing, I. R. Clapp, W. H. Stewart, H. C. Heffner and G. L. Bemis.

Mr. Ginn was born at Cambridge, Guernsey county, Ohio, on Nov. 19, 1832. He received his education there and at Delaware, Ohio. When a young boy he went with his parents to Athens county, and the vicinity of Athens was his home until 1859. When about to complete his school work at Delaware he went to visit a brother in the western part of this county, and while there engaged to teach a country school in the vicinity. His work there attracted atten-

tion, and in 1861 he was called to the city of Fremont to accept a position as principal of the grammar schools, which position he held until 1870, when he was elected superintendent of the schools at Clyde. He served in that capacity with great success for 23 years, and since leaving the profession he has kept in close touch with school work, being a regular at-



FRANCIS M. GINN,

As he appeared when Superintendent of Schools at Clyde.

tendant at all teachers' meetings, state and county, so long as his health would permit. For years he also held the position of county school examiner, and in late years was many times elected justice of the peace, a position which he resigned only a year or two ago.

On Oct. 16, 1856, he was married to Miss Millicent Pope, the devoted helpmeet who survives him. There are also two sons, Dr. Arthur P. Ginn, a leading physician of Nebraska City, Neb., and Frank H. Ginn, a prominent Cleveland lawyer.

Mr. Ginn was one of the oldest Masons in this part of Ohio, and was a regular and enthusiastic attendant at Masonic meetings so long as his

health permitted. He was a member of Monticello Lodge for more than half a century, and of Clyde Chapter Royal Arch Masons, also of Clyde Chapter of the Eastern Star. He was also a faithful member of the Episcopal church.

There are few men in Sandusky county who were better known than F. M. Ginn, or who have left a deeper impress on the lives and character of its people. In his long years of work in the schools he came in contact with many men and women who are now prominently identified with

the political, business and social life of this and adjoining counties, and in fact all over the country there are those who look back with interest and pleasure to the days when they received instruction and admonition from him. He was keenly interested up to the last in every topic of public interest, and in one of his last visits down town he spent some time at the Enterprise office discussing the war tragedy, and remarked that he hoped to live to see it brought to a close with complete victory for the Allies.

—Clyde Enterprise.

